

LAW
BREAKERS

NO.1
10¢
L.N.C.

LAW BREAKERS

BUT... THE
OPERATION
WAS PERFECT!
NO ONE WILL
EVER
RECOGNIZE
YOUR FACE--

NOR YOURS
EITHER, DOC!
BRING OVER
A SURGICAL
KNIFE, SAM!

UNIVERSITY
OF
PHYSICIAN



NEW!

5 TOP, FULL-LENGTH,
DRAMATIC ACTION,
MYSTERY CRIME
FEATURES!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

IT'S A CRIME!



A THIEF WHO ATTEMPTED TO LOOT THE POOR BOX IN A CHURCH, WAS FELLED BY A BRICK THAT SLIPPED LOOSE FROM THE WALL.....

IF A CORPSE IS FOUND WITH A PENNY IN HIS HAND-IT MEANS HE HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED THE UNDERWORLD

THE APACHES OF PARIS STARTED THE PRACTICE OF HAVING THEIR WOMEN CARRY THEIR WEAPONS.

DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS, THIEVES ROAMED THE BATTLEFIELDS AT NIGHT, STEALING THE TEETH OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED-THESE THEY SOLD TO DENTISTS TO BE USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FALSE TEETH.....

ONE OUT OF EVERY 42 PERSONS IN THIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN ARRESTED OR HAS A CRIMINAL RECORD.

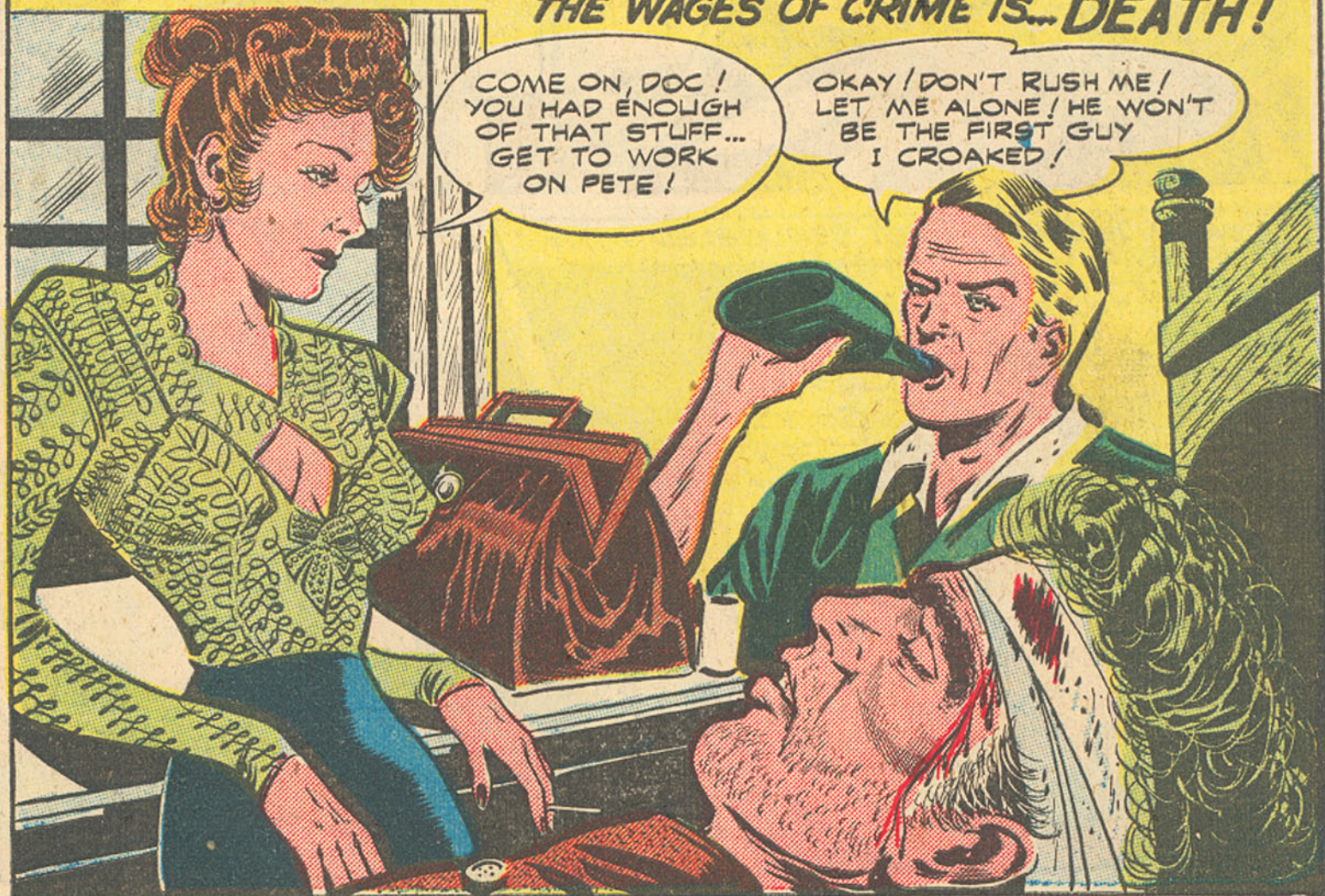
CRIMES DOCTOR

THE SORDID STORY OF

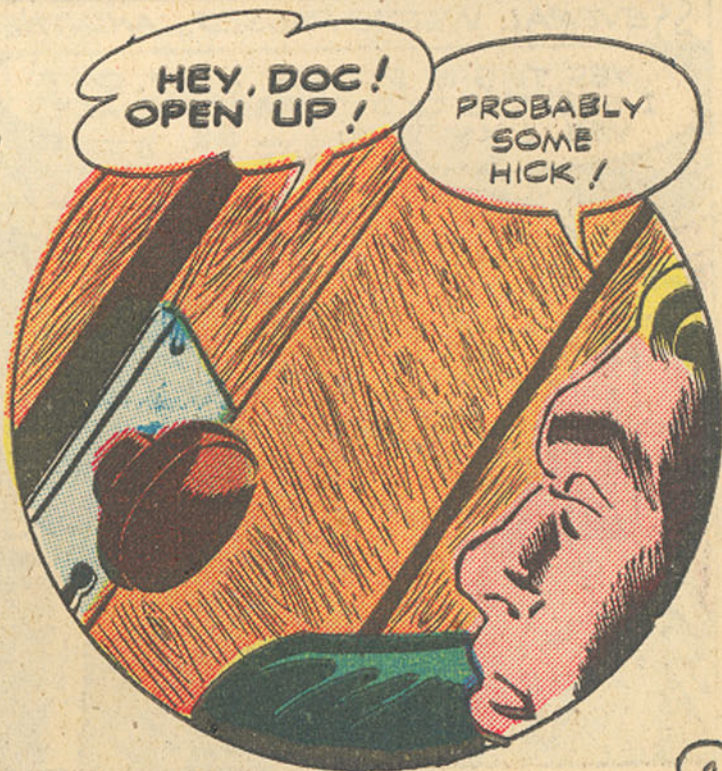
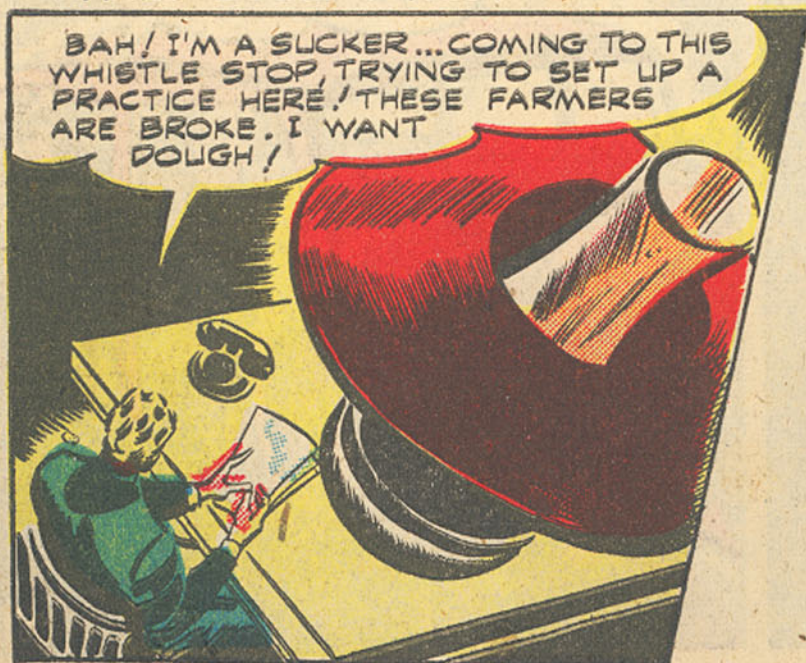
JOSEPH WEST M.D.

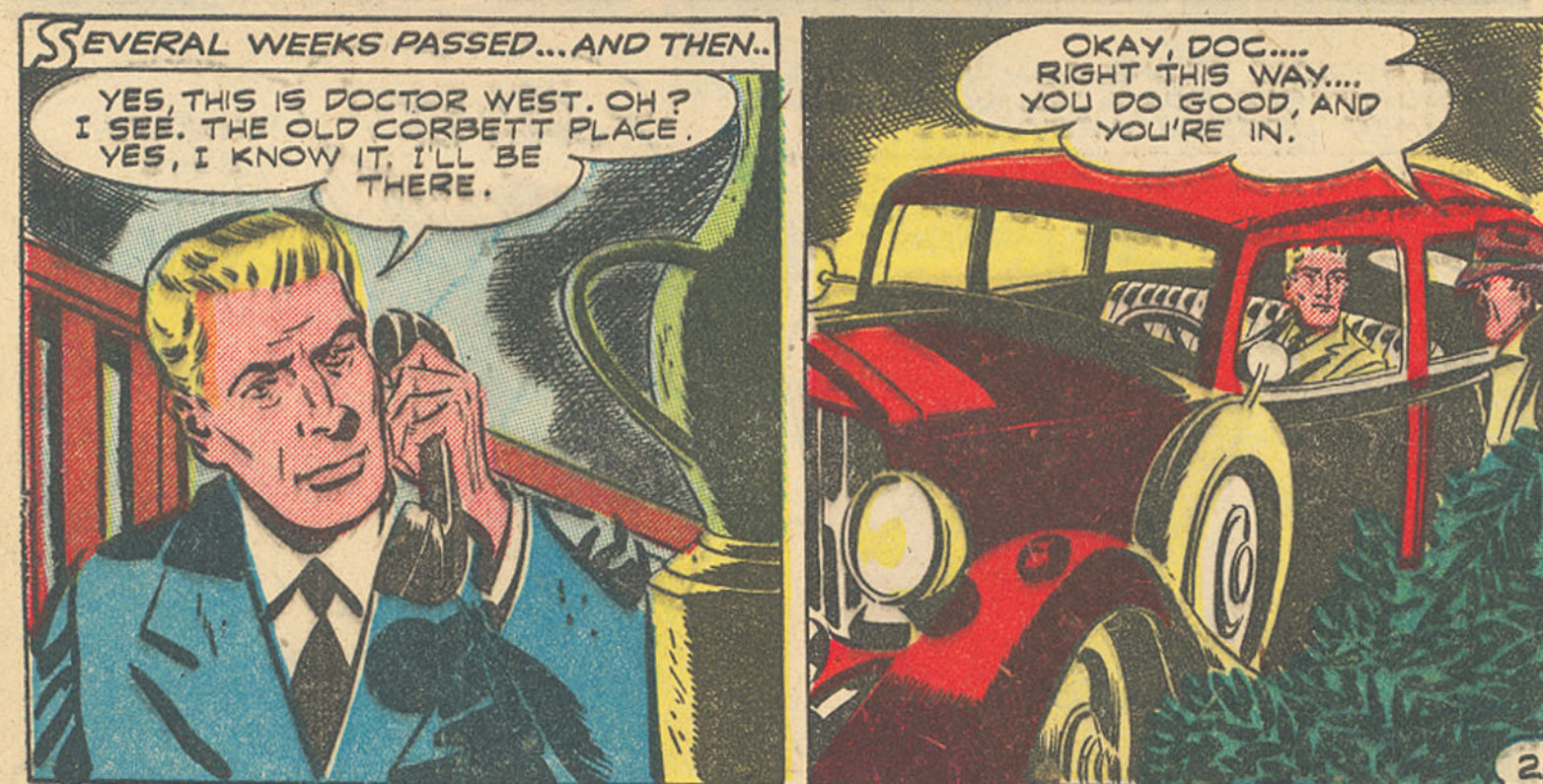
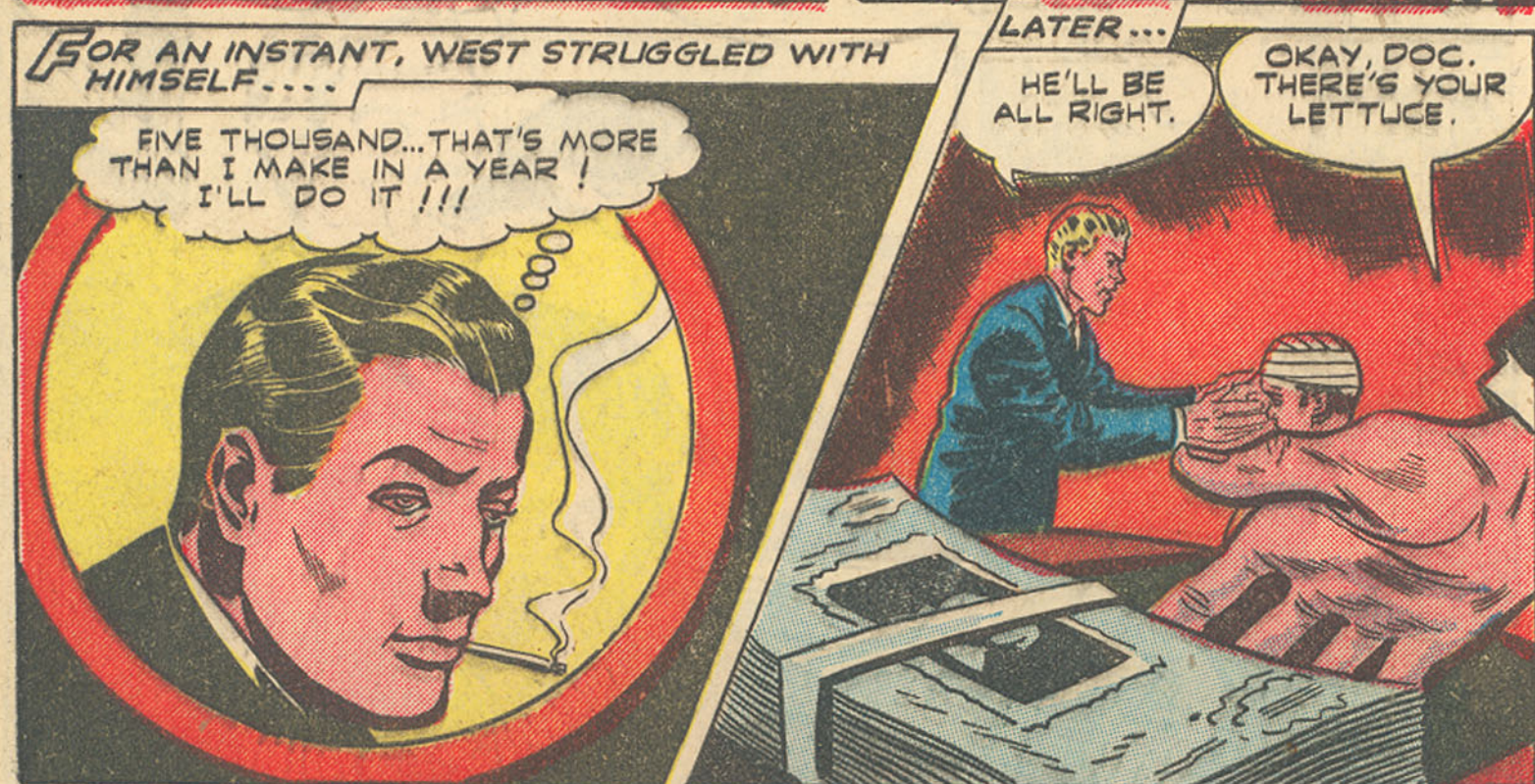
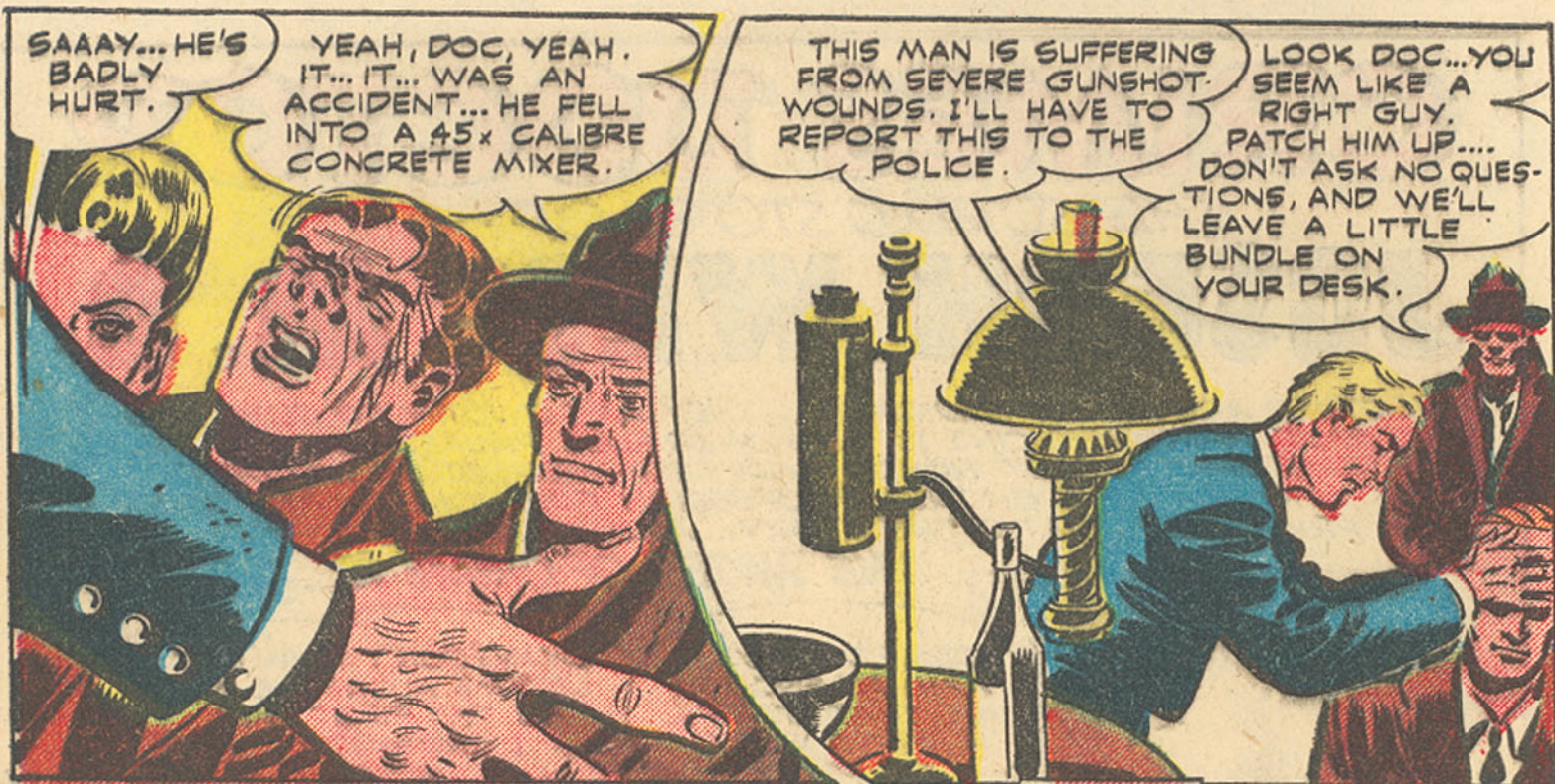
DOCTORS ARE HIGHLY DEDICATED... THEY ARE SWORN TO CURE ILLS AND EASE PAIN.. MEDICINE IS AN HONORABLE PROFESSION, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO FORGET HONOR AND SELF-RESPECT AS DID DR. JOSEPH WEST WHO SOLD HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION FOR MONEY... AND PAID A HIGH PRICE... BUT THAT'S THE STORY... AND IT PROVES THAT

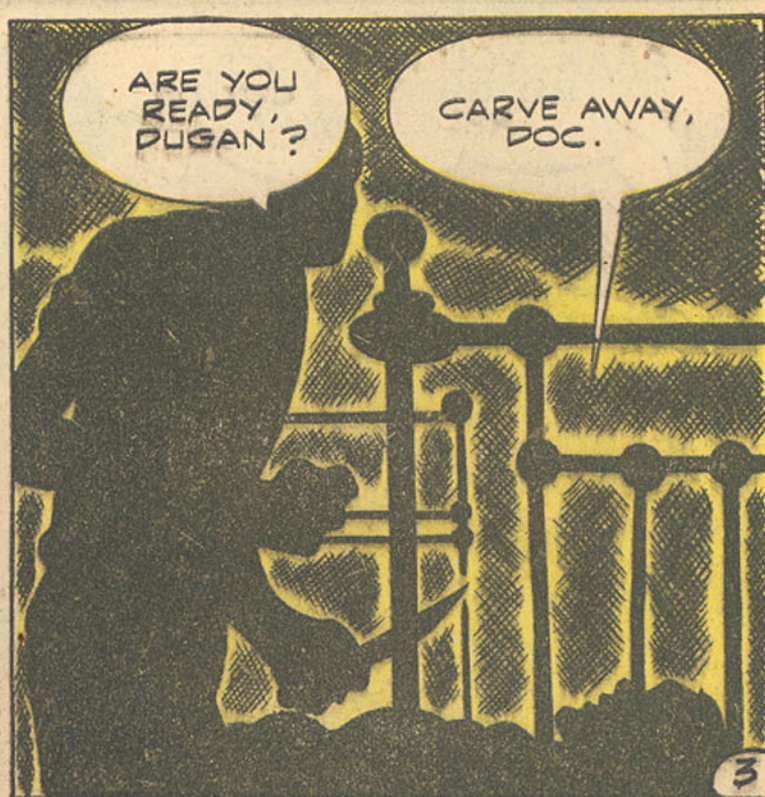
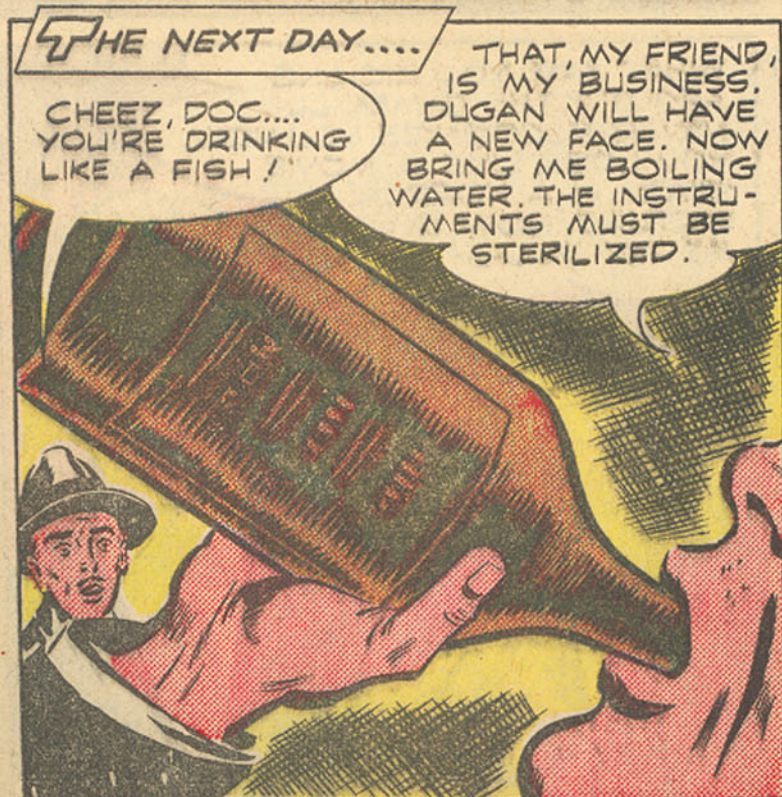
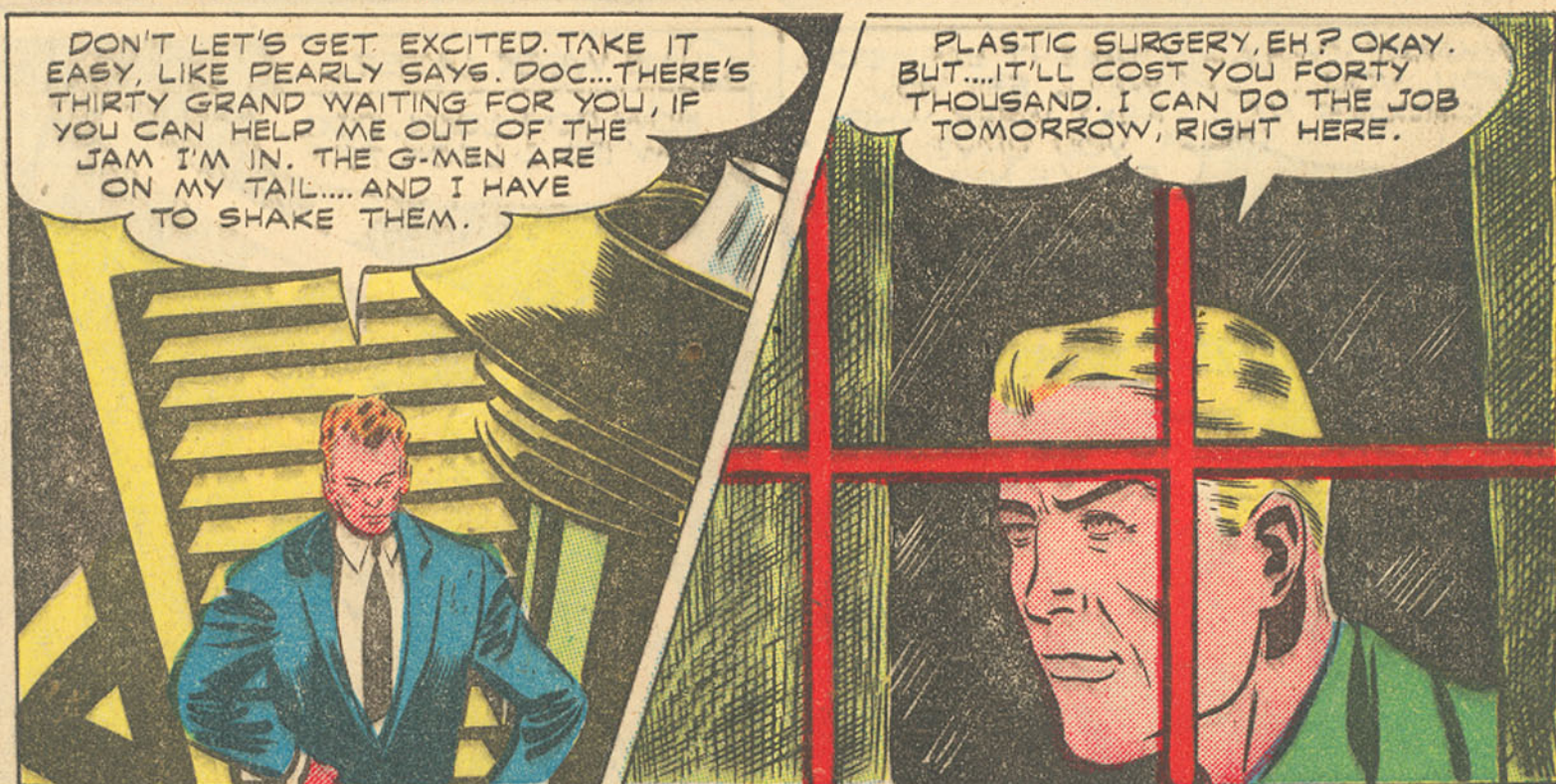
THE WAGES OF CRIME IS... DEATH!

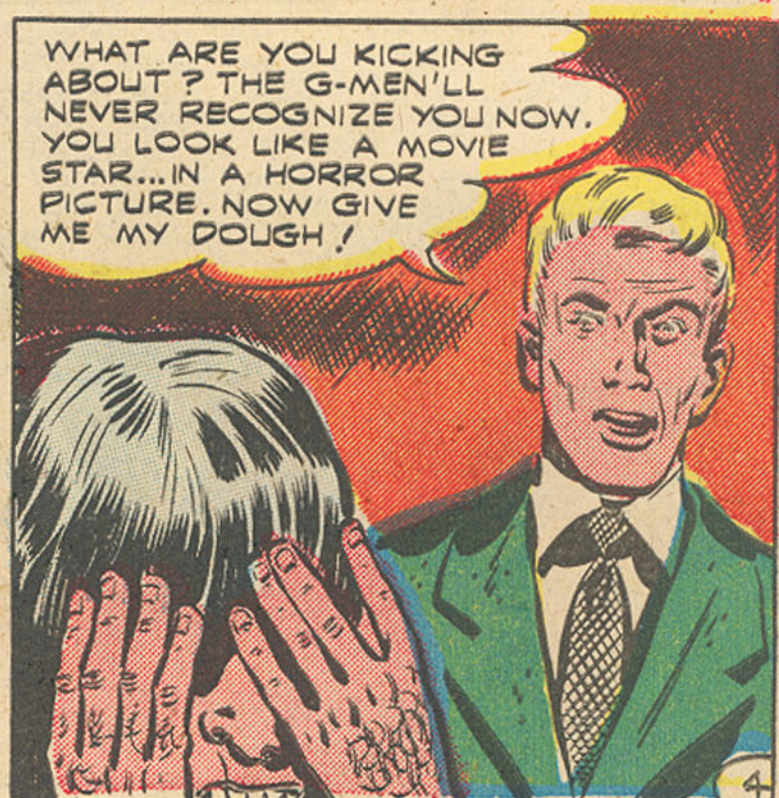
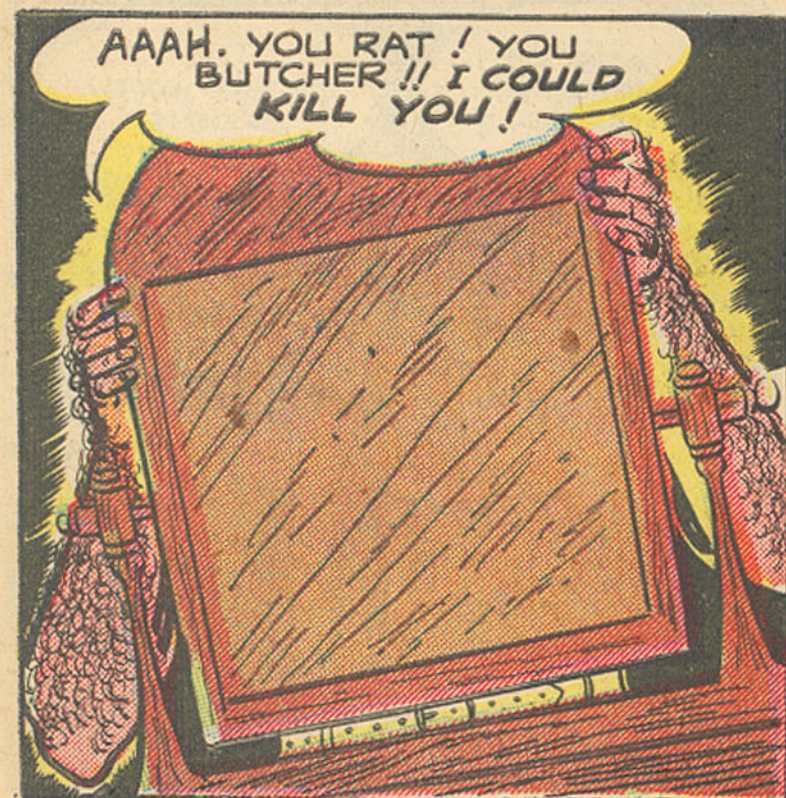
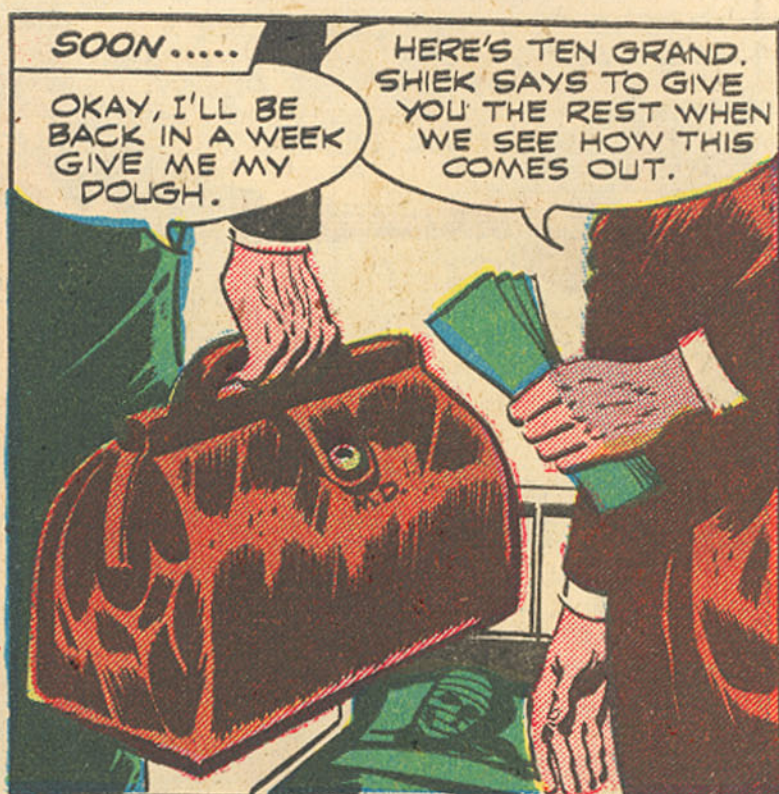


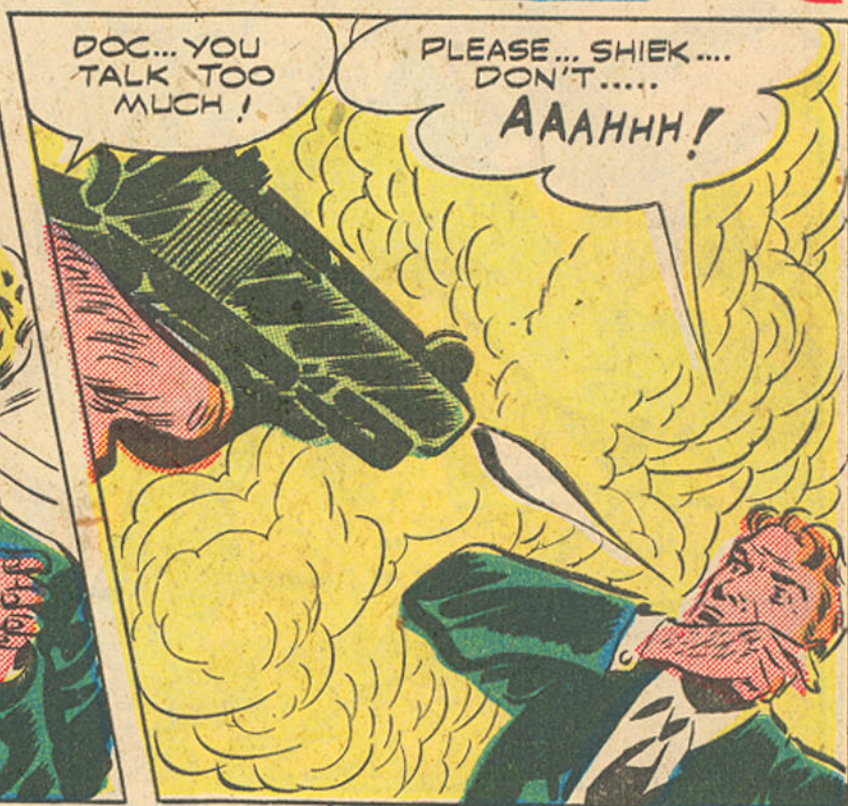
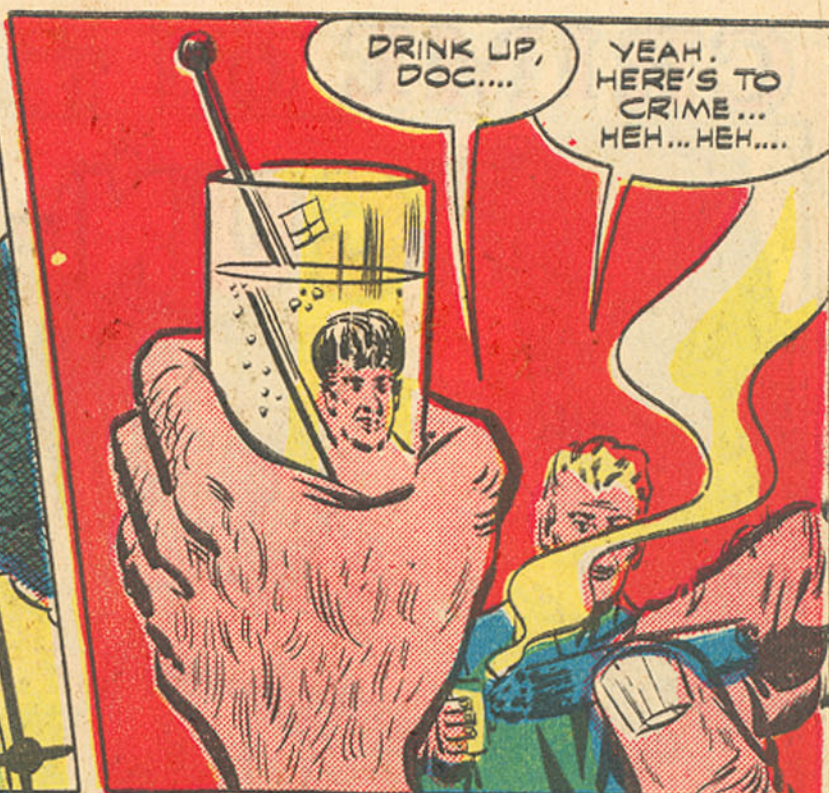
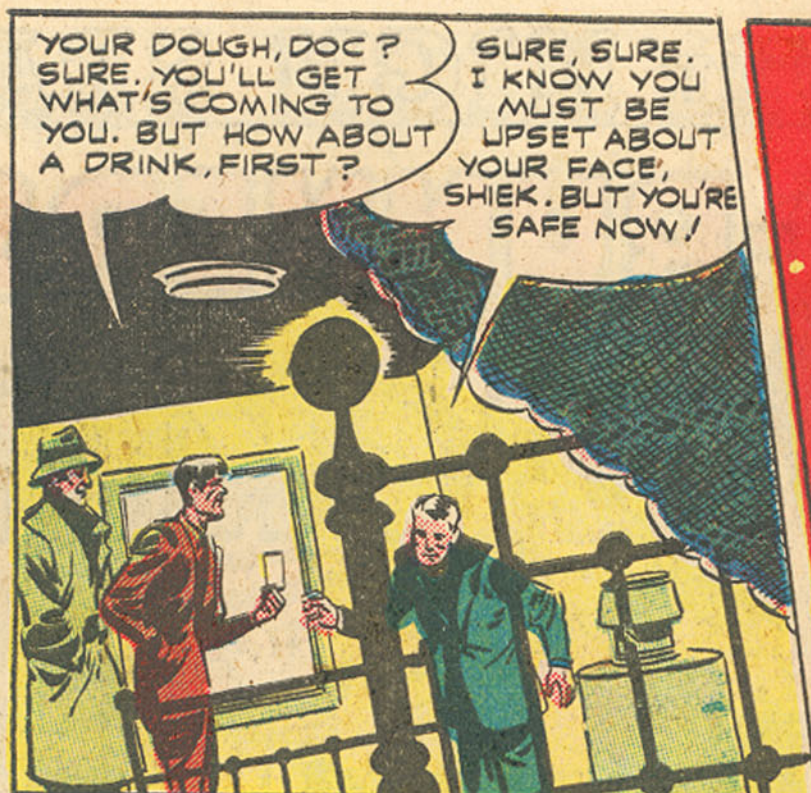
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION WAS NOT PROFITABLE FOR A YOUNG DOCTOR NAMED JOSEPH WEST.....



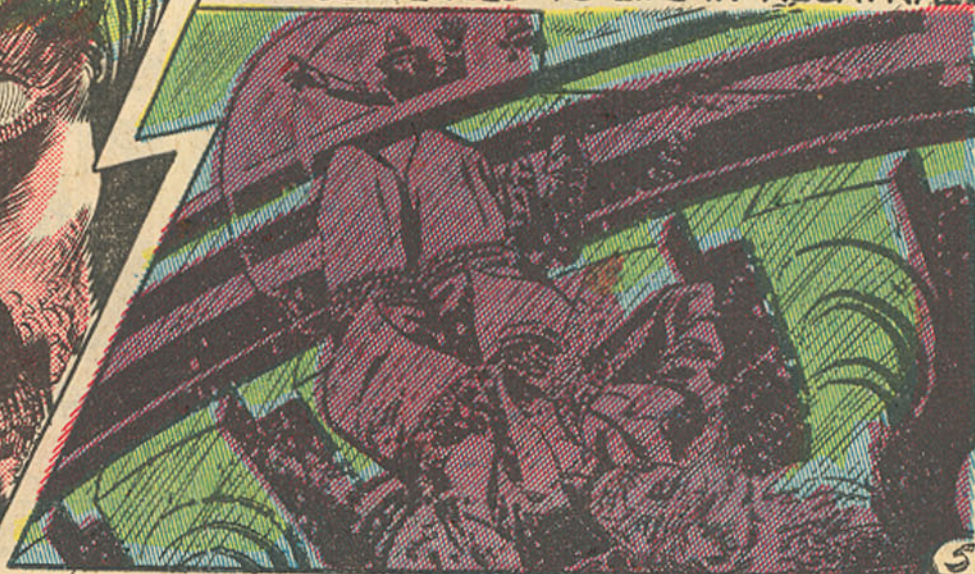








THE COLD WATERS OF THE RIVER CLOSED OVER DR. WEST... A MAN WHO DABBLED IN CRIME AND SULLIED HIS SACRED OATH... NOR DID SHIEK DUGAN ESCAPE... FOR HE WAS CAPTURED SHORTLY AFTERWARD BY THE FBI AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IN ALCATRAZ.



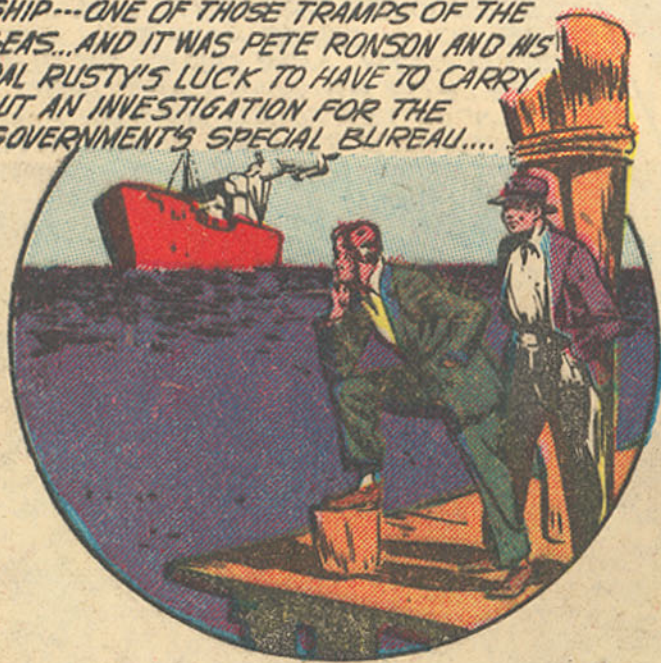
CRIME ON THE HIGH SEAS

GUN-RUNNERS' RACKET



WANT TO GO
ON A TRIP---ON A
SHIP? SURE... WHY
NOT! IT COULD BE
FUN!... BUT IT COULD
BE TRAGIC... WITH A
DEATH CARGO!

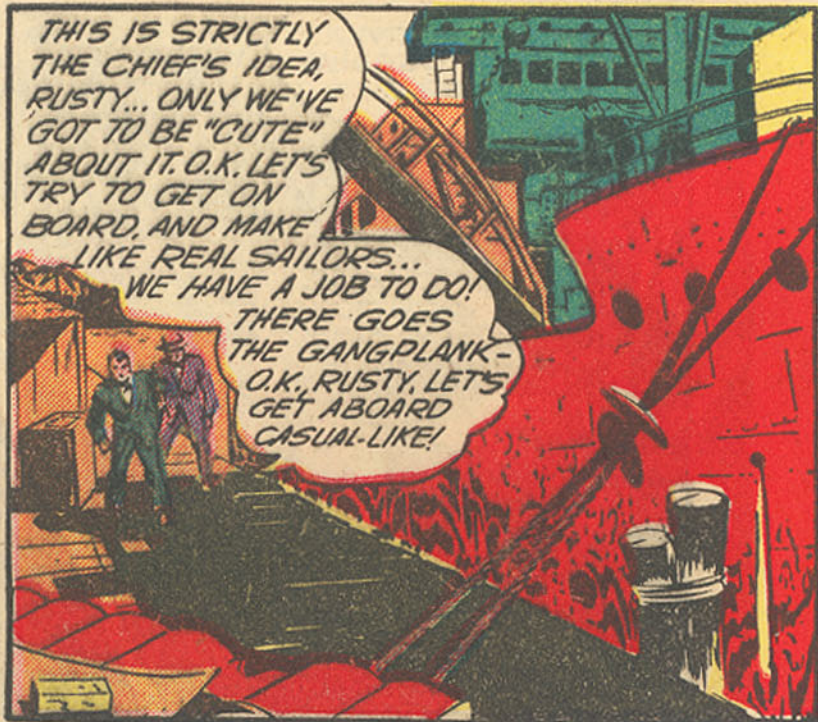
COMING UP ON THE HORIZON WAS A DOUBTFULL
SHIP---ONE OF THOSE TRAMPS OF THE
SEAS...AND IT WAS PETE RONSON AND HIS
PAL RUSTY'S LUCK TO HAVE TO CARRY
OUT AN INVESTIGATION FOR THE
GOVERNMENT'S SPECIAL BUREAU....



THIS IS STRICTLY
THE CHIEF'S IDEA,
RUSTY... ONLY WE'VE
GOT TO BE "CUTE"
ABOUT IT. O.K. LET'S
TRY TO GET ON
BOARD, AND MAKE

LIKE REAL SAILORS...
WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!

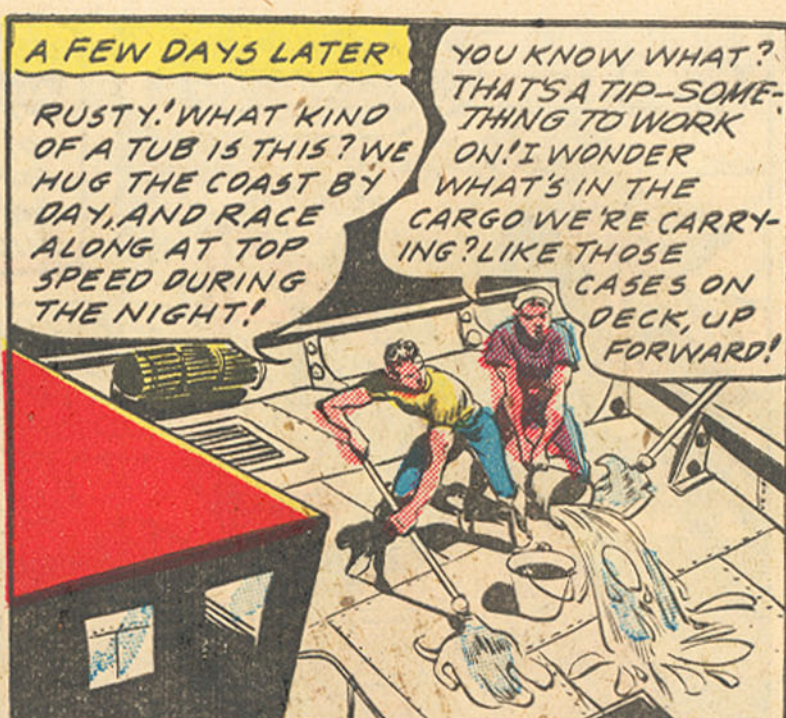
THERE GOES
THE GANGPLANK--
O.K., RUSTY, LET'S
GET ABOARD
CASUAL-LIKE!





MIKE! SHOW THESE TWO TO THE FOC'SLE!

THOSE BIRDS WILL BEAR SOME WATCHIN'!



A FEW DAYS LATER

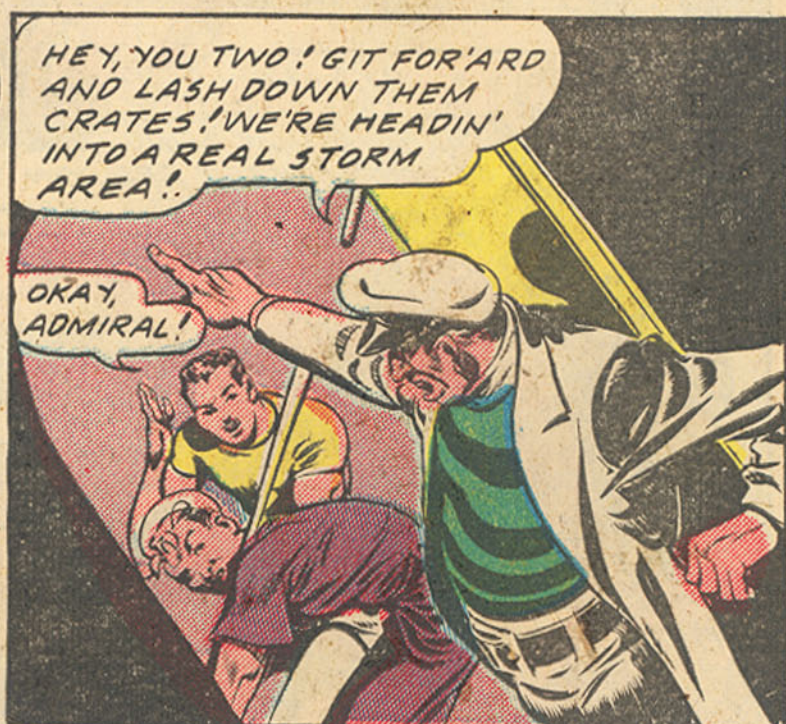
RUSTY! WHAT KIND OF A TUB IS THIS? WE HUG THE COAST BY DAY, AND RACE ALONG AT TOP SPEED DURING THE NIGHT!

YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S A TIP—SOMETHING TO WORK ON! I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE CARGO WE'RE CARRYING? LIKE THOSE CASES ON DECK, UP FORWARD!



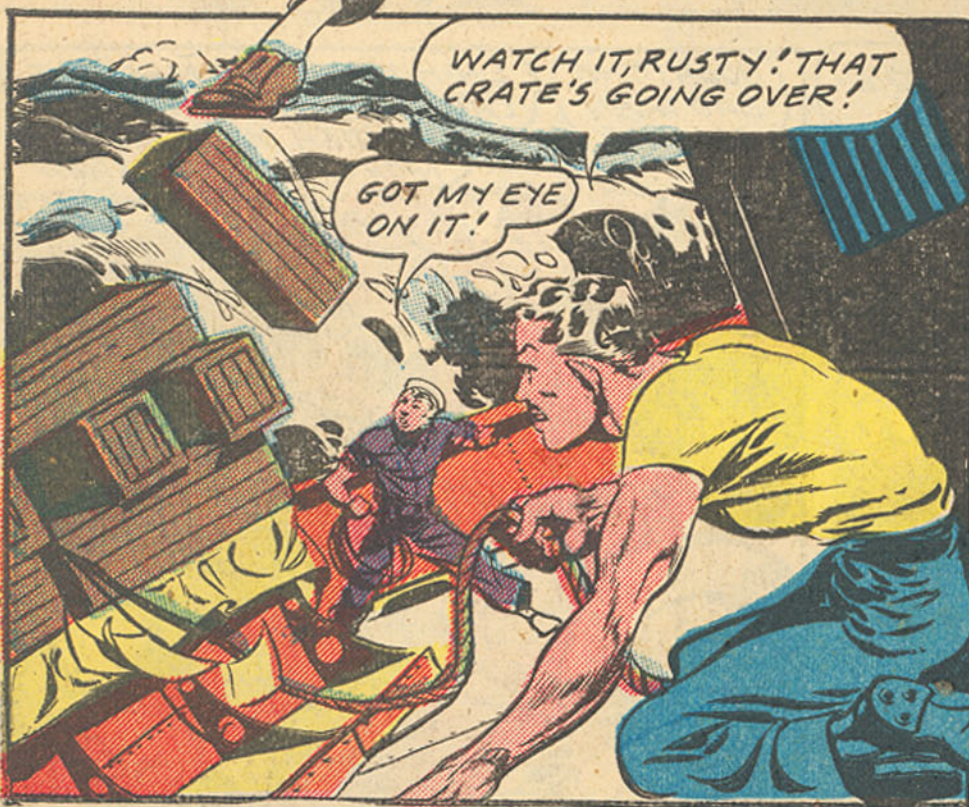
HMM, THAT GUY'S IN A HURRY! WONDER WHAT'S UP?

THE SKY'S DARKENING! I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW!



HEY, YOU TWO! GIT FOR'ARD AND LASH DOWN THEM CRATES! WE'RE HEADIN' INTO A REAL STORM AREA!

OKAY, ADMIRAL!



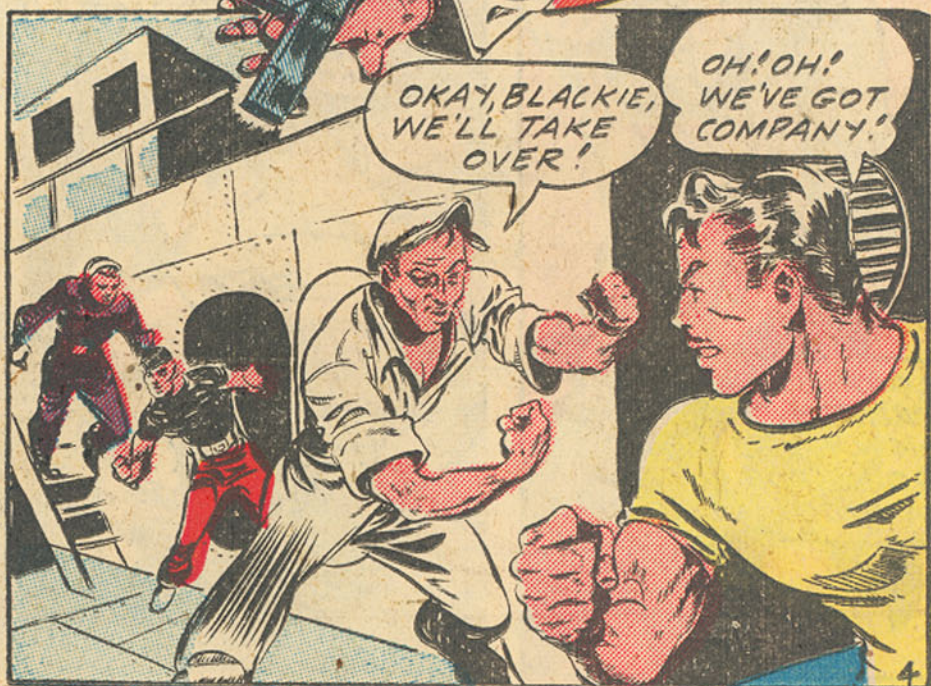
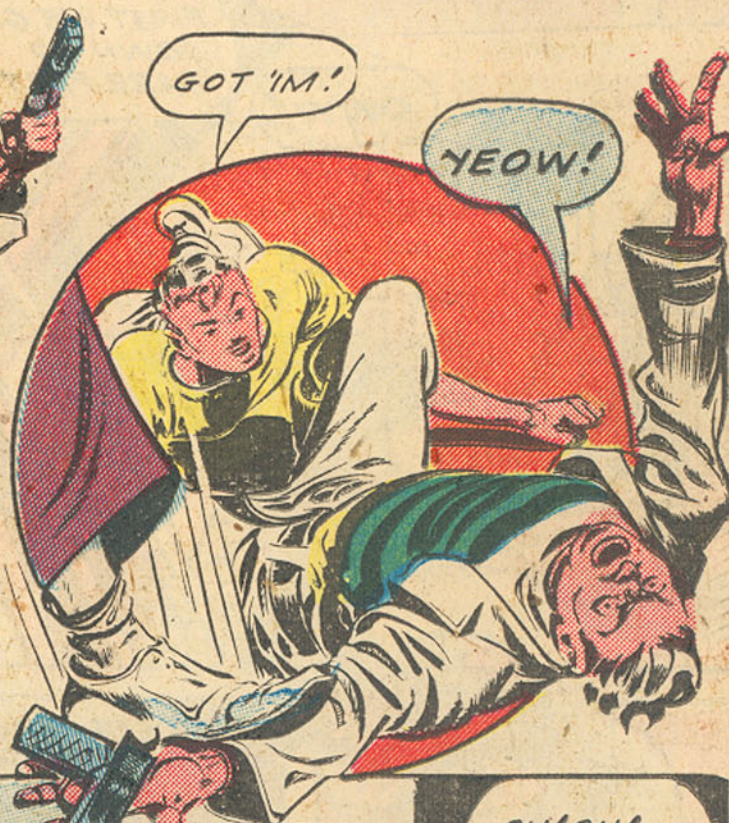
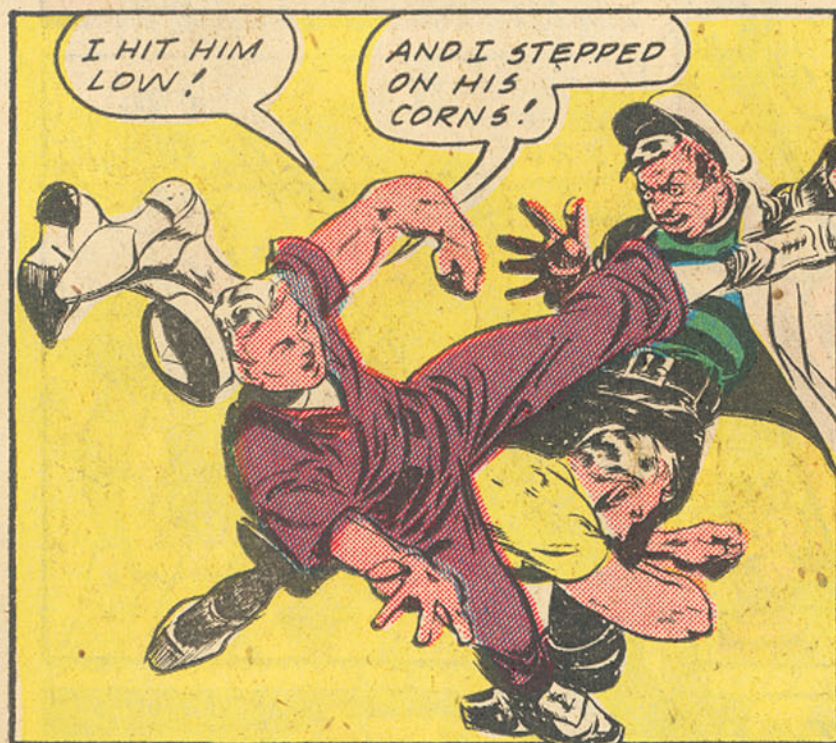
WATCH IT, RUSTY! THAT CRATE'S GOING OVER!

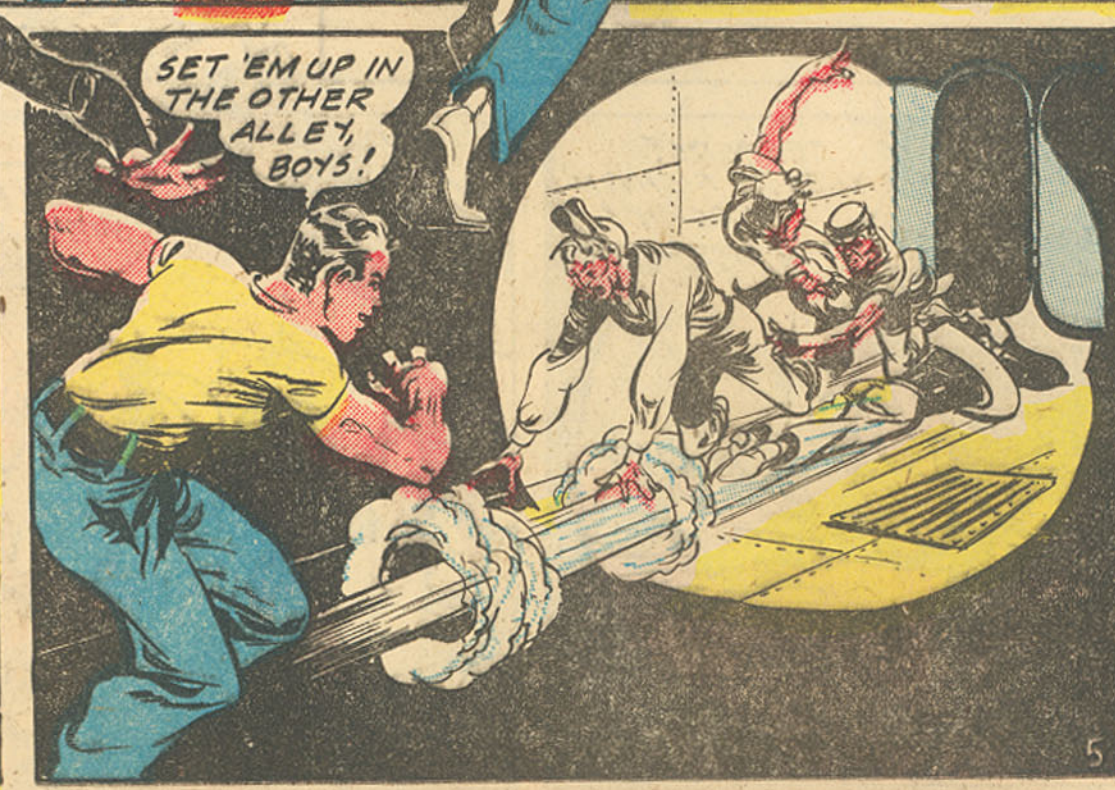
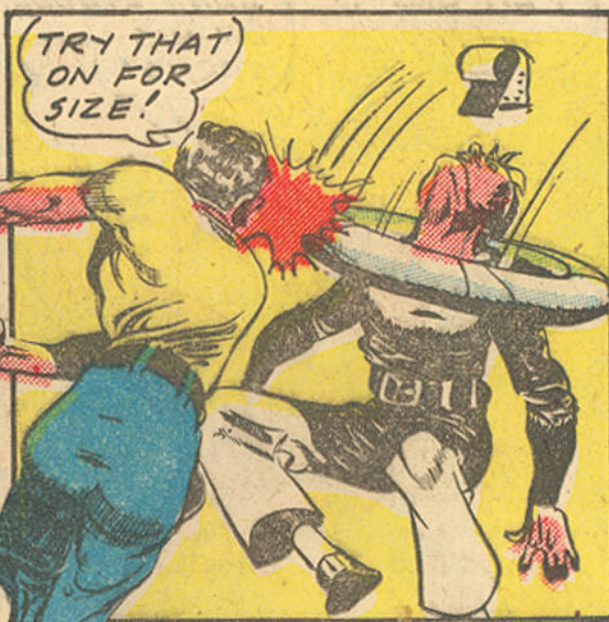
GOT MY EYE ON IT!

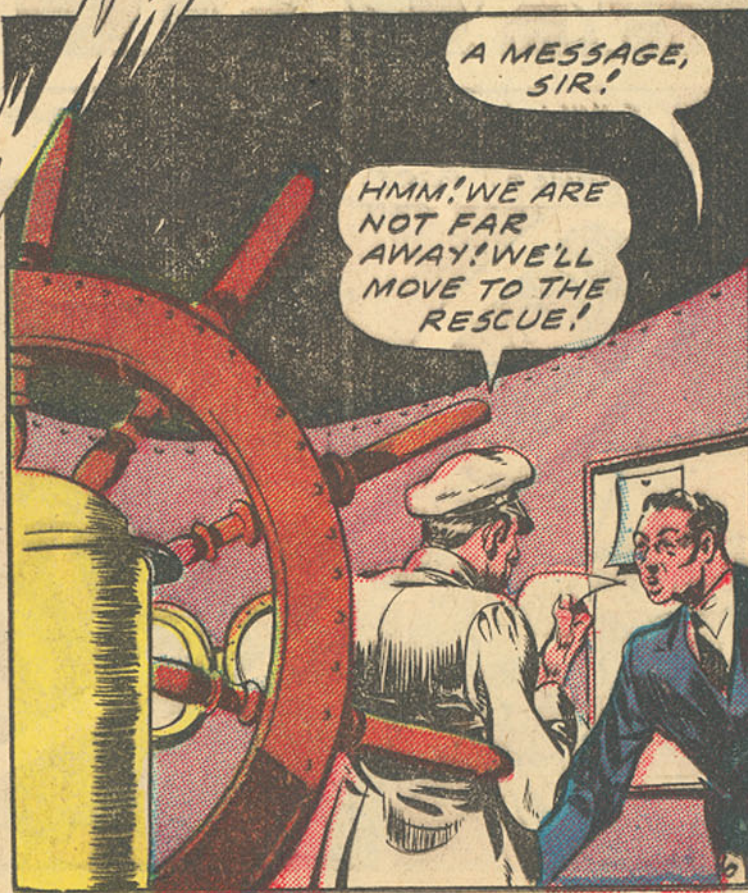
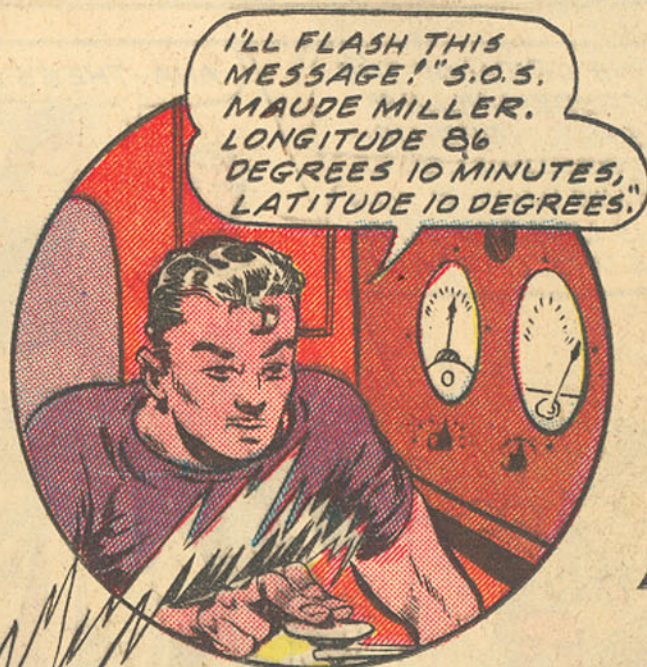
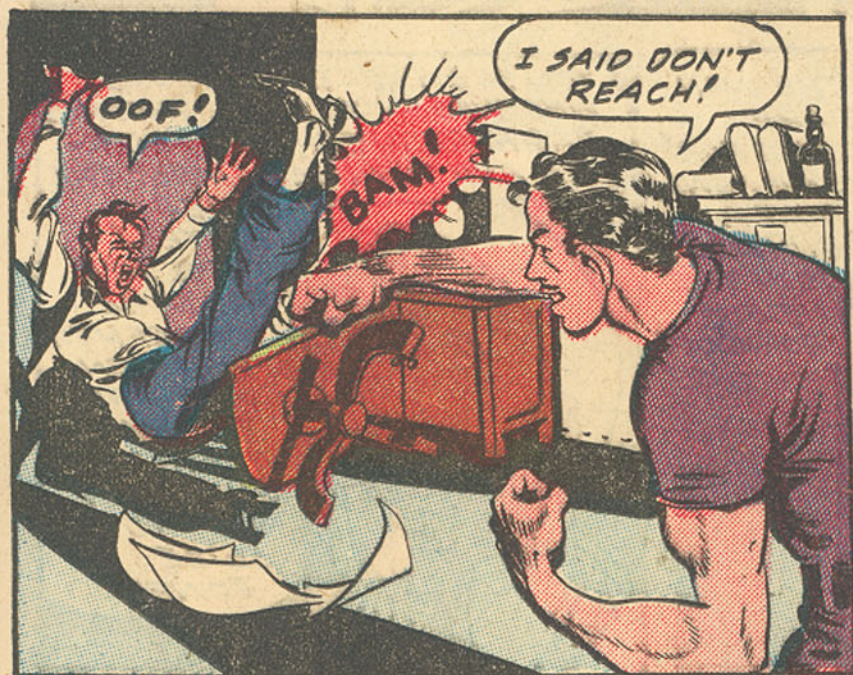
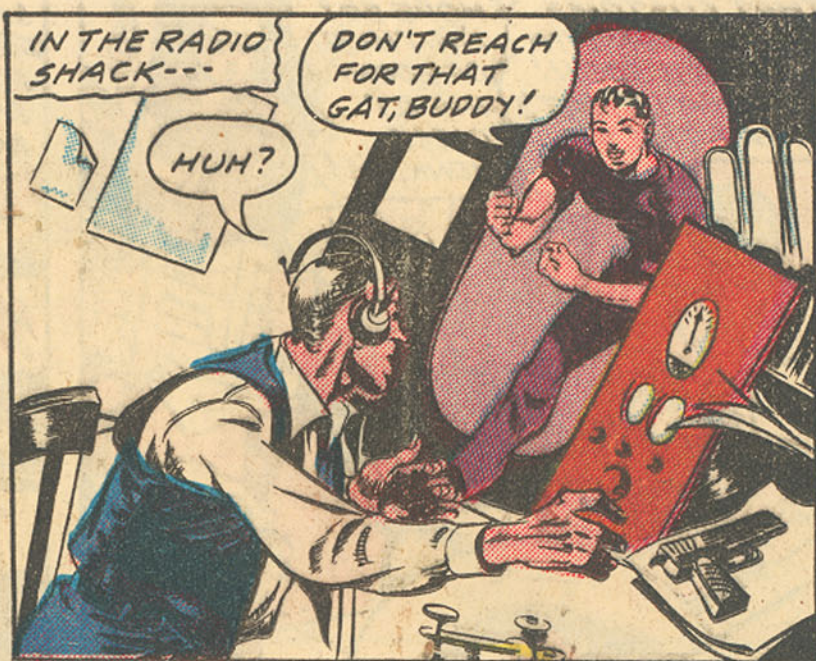
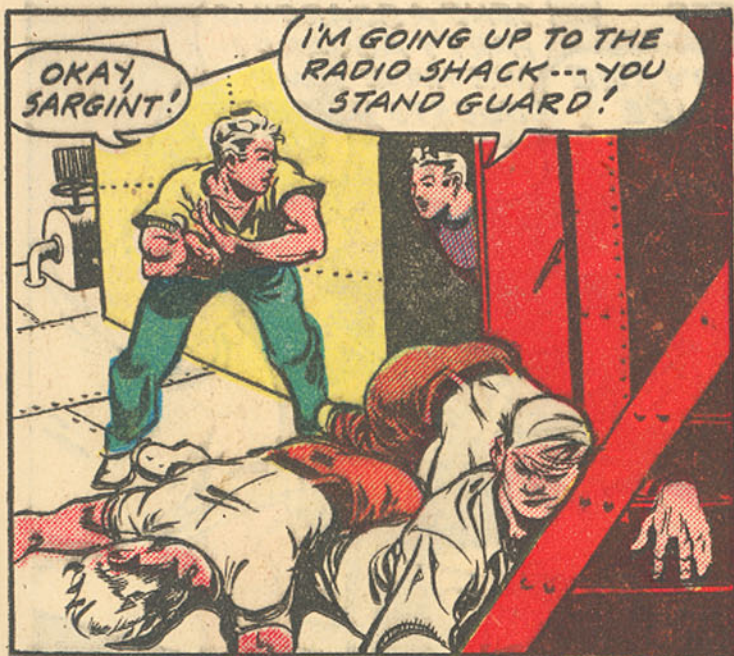


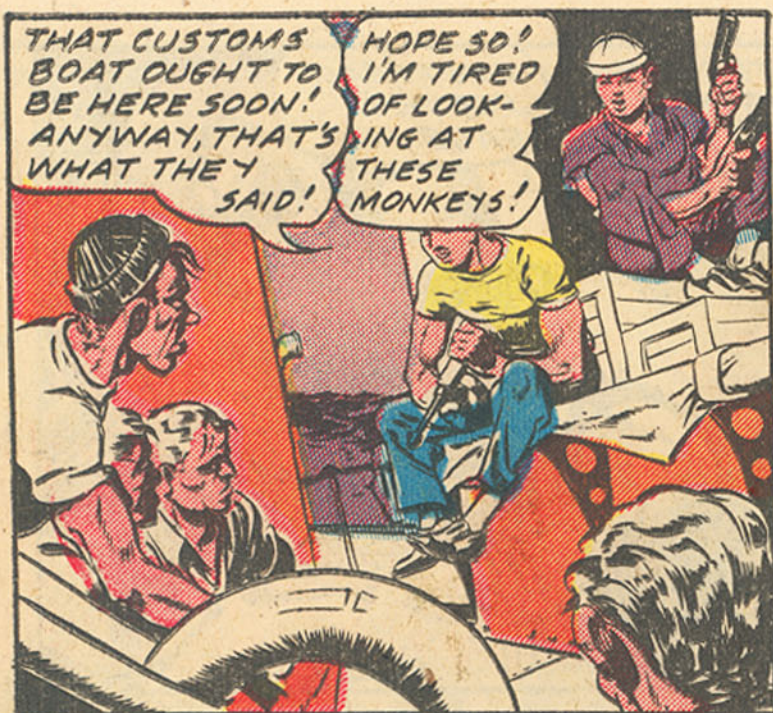
WOW!

RIFLES! HOLY COW! WE'RE RUNNING GUNS!



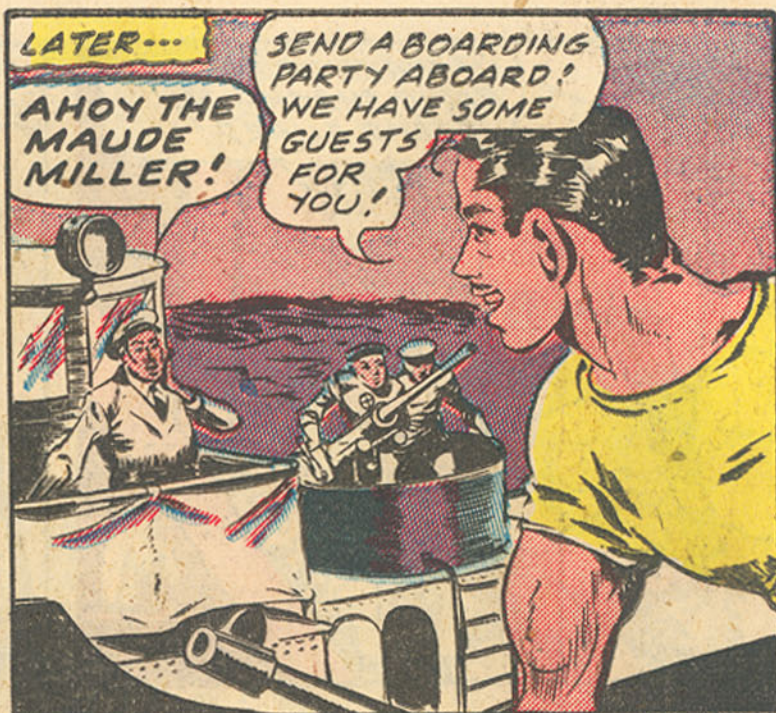






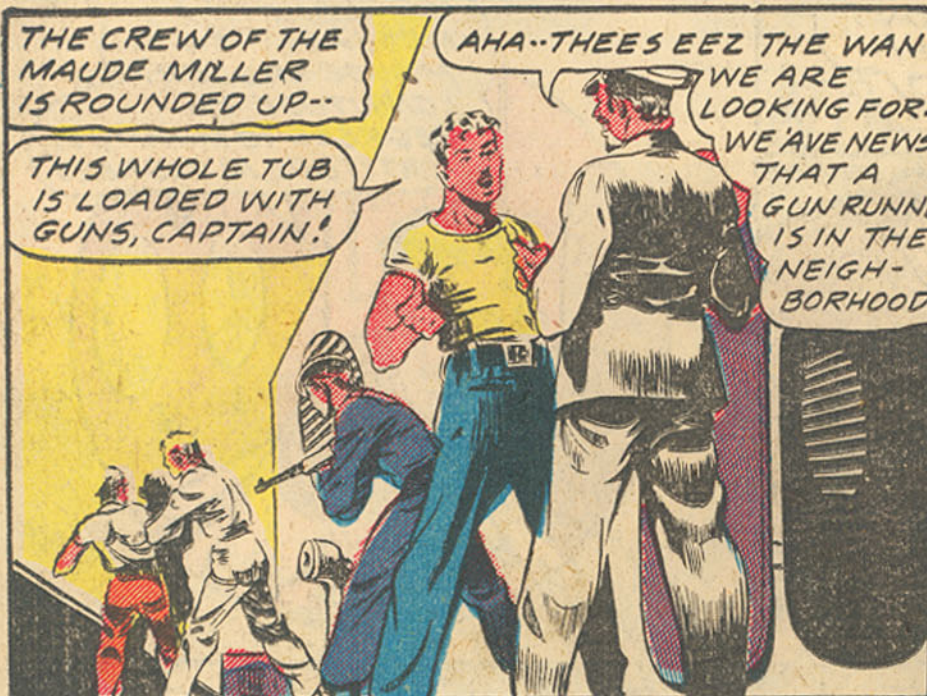
THAT CUSTOMS
BOAT OUGHT TO
BE HERE SOON!
ANYWAY, THAT'S
WHAT THEY
SAID!

HOPE SO!
I'M TIRED
OF LOOK-
ING AT
THESE
MONKEYS!



LATER...
AHoy THE
MAUDE
MILLER!

SEND A BOARDING
PARTY ABOARD!
WE HAVE SOME
GUESTS
FOR YOU!



THE CREW OF THE
MAUDE MILLER
IS ROUNDED UP--

THIS WHOLE TUB
IS LOADED WITH
GUNS, CAPTAIN!

AHA--THEES EEZ THE WAN
WE ARE
LOOKING FOR!
WE'VE NEWS
THAT A
GUN RUNNER
IS IN THE
NEIGH-
BORHOOD!



YOU SEE THERE ARE THOSE
WHO WEESH TO MAKE THEENG'S
BAD HERE IN CENTRAL AMER-
ICA AND TURN US AGAINST THE
UNITED
STATES!
THESE ARE
THE SAME
KIND OF MEN
WHO MADE
THE WAR!
WEETH THE
GUNS THEY
'OPED TO
SEIZE
POWER!



I WILL LEAVE A PRIZE CREW ABOARD
AND TOW THEES BOAT INTO THE
NEAREST PORT!

SWELL,
CAPTAIN!



YOU KNOW, PETE, I LOVE
THIS SEA LIFE SO
MUCH, MAYBE THE
CHIEF WOULD JUST
LET US STAY HERE
A GOOD WHILE--

RUSTY, YOU'RE
A LOAFER, NEXT
THING YOU KNOW,
WE'LL BE ON A
DIAMOND SMUG-
GLING CASE... AT
LEAST--

Johnny Bellows

city detective

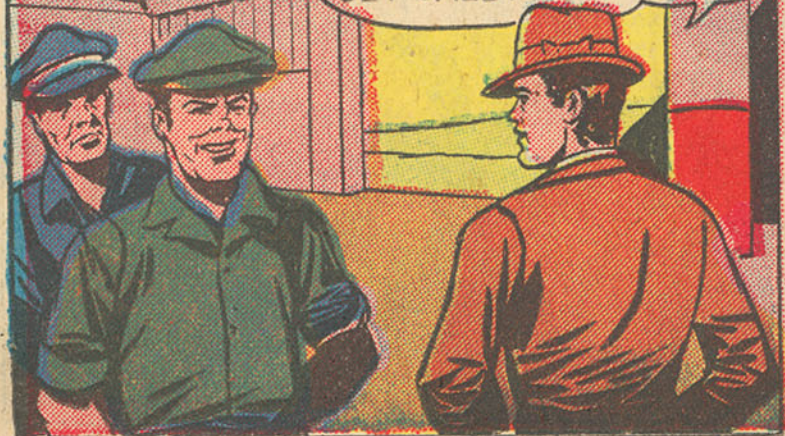
WHEN JOHNNY BELLOWS, HARD PUNCHING CITY DETECTIVE DECIDES TO TEACH A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE HOLD-UP MEN A LESSON, HE ISN'T STOPPED BY HARD GUYS OR TOMMY GUNS!



IN THE GARAGE OF THE ACME TAXI COMPANY, EARLY ONE MORNING....

HI, JOHNNY...
WHAT'S WITH
THE CITY'S
BEST
DETECTIVE?

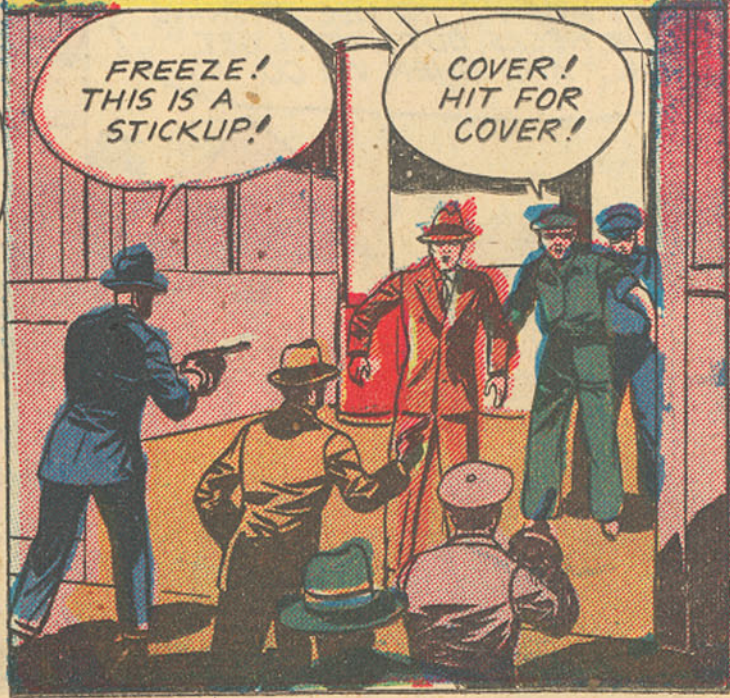
NOTHING NEW... JUST
THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO
SAY HELLO TO YOU EX-DOG
FACES... AND SEE WHETHER
YOU'RE GETTING USED TO
WALKING PAST BRASS WITH-
OUT SALUTING!



UNEXPECTED VISITORS DROP IN....

FREEZE!
THIS IS A
STICKUP!

COVER!
HIT FOR
COVER!





NEVER THOUGHT
I'D HAVE TO
HIT FOR A
SLIT TRENCH
AGAIN!

OOF!
THIS
GREASE..



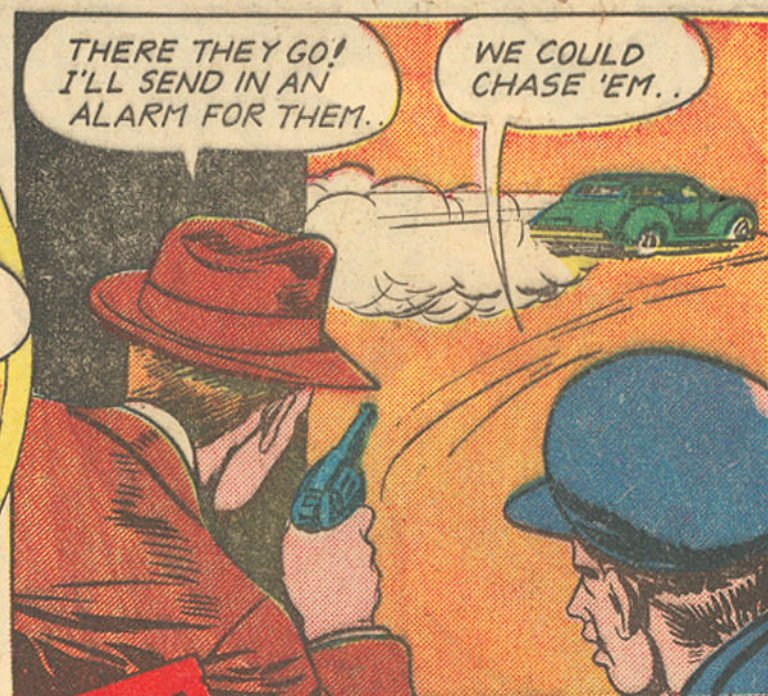
HEY! WHAT
IS THIS? I
SAID THIS IS A
STICKUP!

DEY ALL
DISAPPEARED!



LET 'EM
HAVE IT,
BOYS!

WITH
PLEASURE!

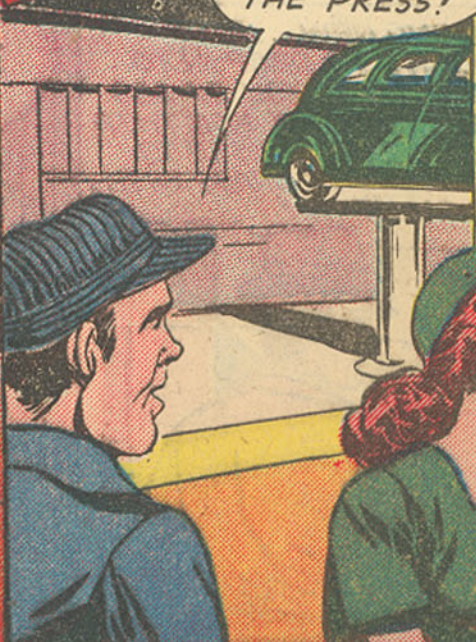


THERE THEY GO!
I'LL SEND IN AN
ALARM FOR THEM..

WE COULD
CHASE 'EM..

NO.. THEY'RE ARMED AND YOU
BOYS AREN'T.. NO USE STICKING
YOUR NECKS OUT! WE'LL GET
'EM... AND WHEN WE DO....

A LITTLE LATER..



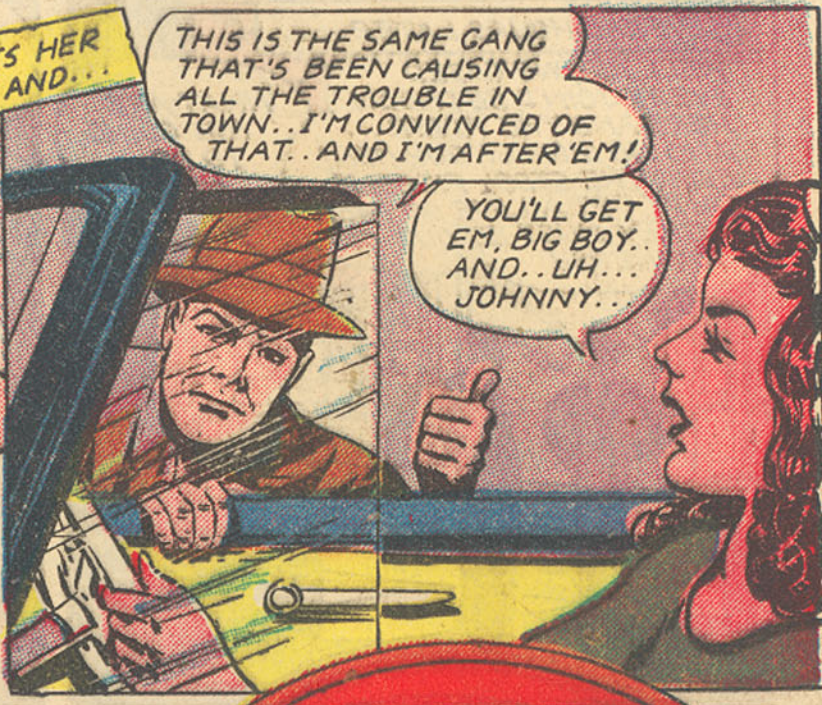
LOOK WHO'S
HERE, BOYS...
THE PRESS!

HI, FELLARS! WHY
JOHNNY.. WHAT-
EVER HAPPENED?
YOU HAVE GREASE
ALL OVER YOUR
CLOTHES!



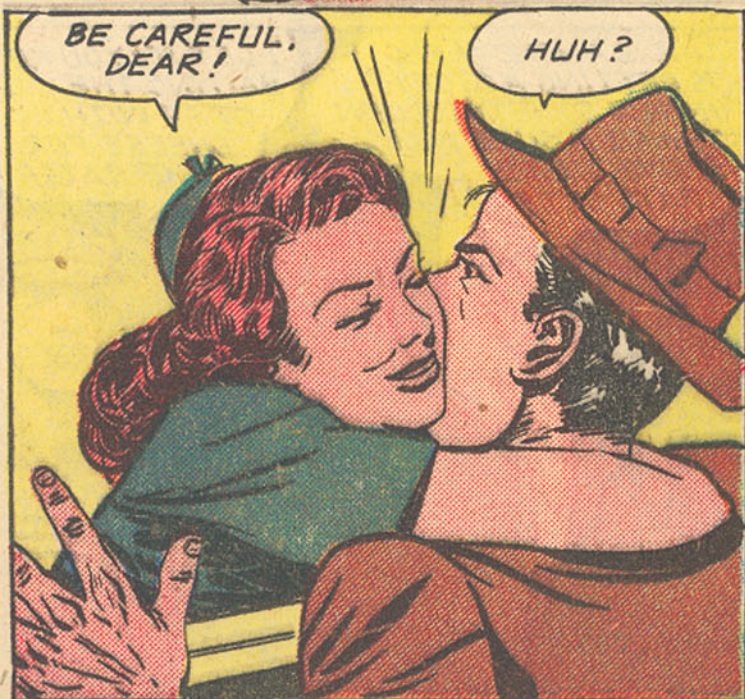
I'M HERE ON A POLICE BEAT. THE EDITOR DECIDED HE NEEDED A LOT OF TALENT... SOOO... I'M THE KID!

PEG GETS HER STORY AND...



THIS IS THE SAME GANG THAT'S BEEN CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE IN TOWN... I'M CONVINCED OF THAT... AND I'M AFTER 'EM!

YOU'LL GET 'EM, BIG BOY... AND... UH... JOHNNY...



BE CAREFUL, DEAR!

HUH?



HERE'S A HANDKERCHIEF, JOHNNY... YOU HAVE LIP-STICK ON YOUR FACE!

UH... HEH... UH... PEG'S A SWELL KID! YESSIREE!



JOHNNY LEAVES THE CAB DRIVERS, AND LATER WE FIND HIM.....

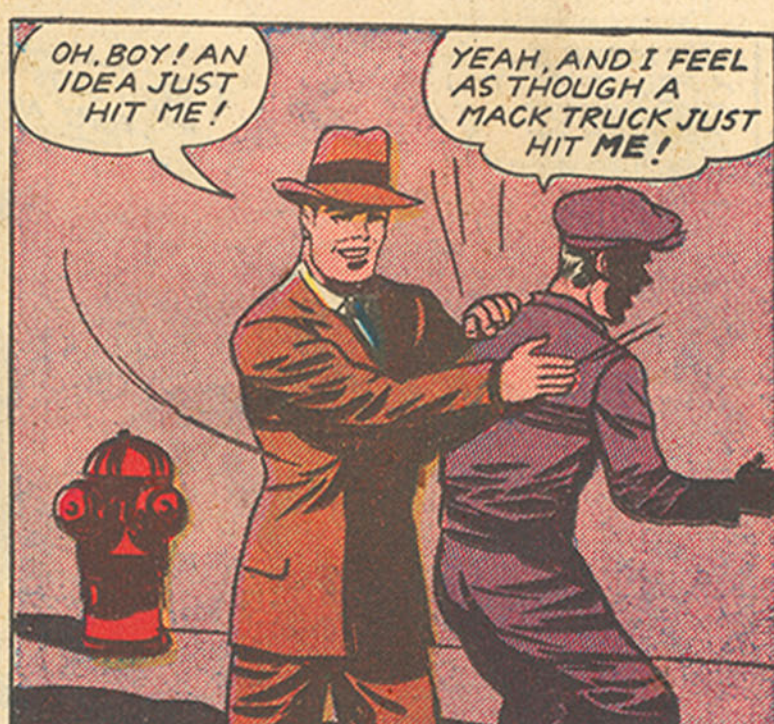
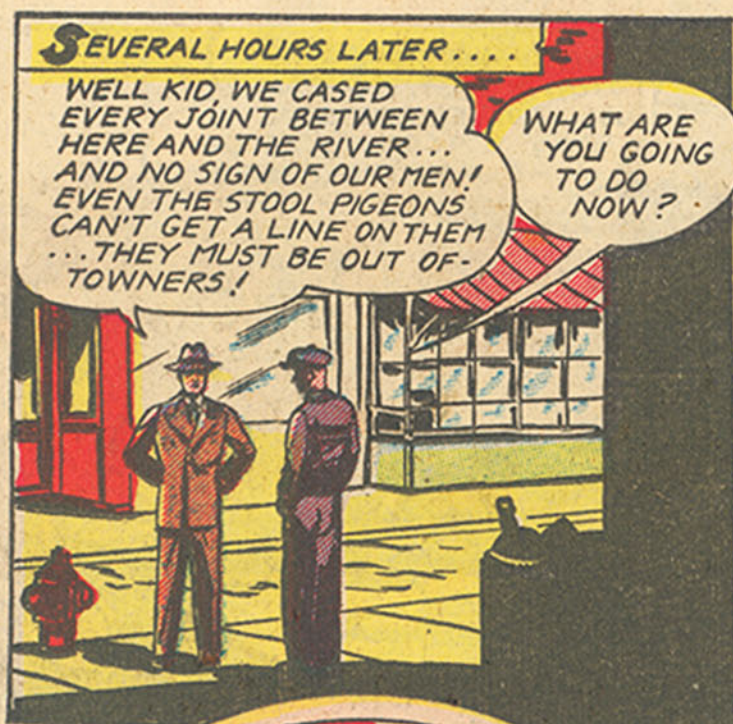
HEY, TIMMY! HOW'S THE LEG?

PRETTY GOOD! DOC GOT ALL THE SHRAPNEL OUT OF IT.. AND HE SAYS I'LL BE GOOD AS NEW! I'M OUT FOR THE POLICE FORCE!



WELL... THIS MAY BE A LITTLE PREMATURE... BUT SUPPOSE YOU JOIN ME IN SOME POLICE WORK RIGHT NOW... PRONTO!

YOU BET! WAIT'LL I CLOSE THIS JOINT!



MISS SUSAN SMYTHE, WELL KNOWN SOCIAL-
ITE, WILL WEAR THE FAMOUS TARNUS
SAPPHIRE BRACELET AT A RECEPTION TO
BE HELD THIS EVENING IN THE CORAL
ROOM OF THE HOTEL
NORRIS!

THAT'S FOR
US, KID!

MEANWHILE
JOHNNY LAYS
THE GROUNDWORK
FOR TRAPPING THE
CROOKS.....

FAIR
ENOUGH!

NOW YOU, TIMMY
WILL BE THE
HEAD WAITER
...PEG IS MISS
SUSAN SMYTHE
THE HEIRESS
OUR GUESTS
WILL BE
COPS...

LATER THAT
EVENING...THE
CORAL ROOM OF
THE HOTEL NORRIS..

TIMMY YOU STATION YOUR-
SELF AT THE DOOR AT ALL
TIMES SO THAT YOU CAN SEE
WHAT IS GOING ON!

RIGHT!

MEANWHILE...

OKAY BOYS..
HERE WE ARE
AT THE NORRIS
..LET'S GO IN!

THE CORAL'S
ON THE
THIRD
FLOOR!

WE'RE PART
OF THE BAND...
THE OTHERS'LL
BE HERE
SOON!

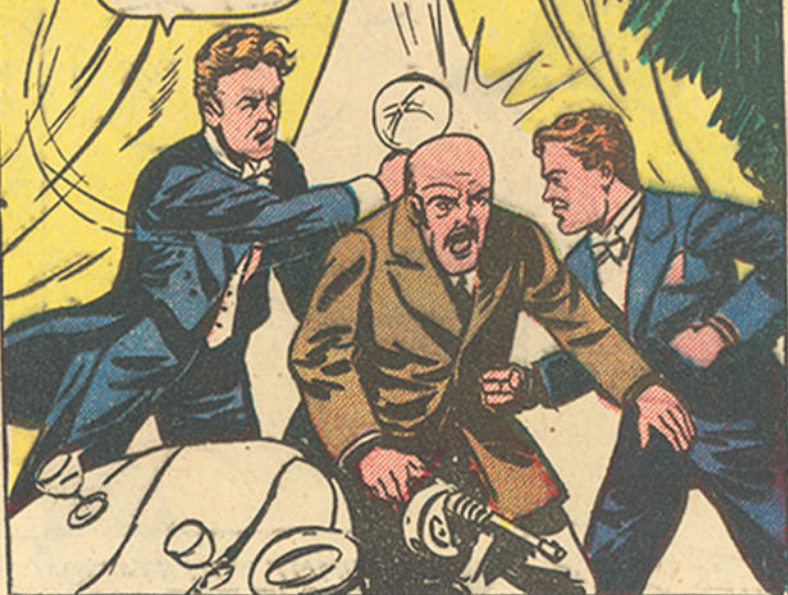
OKAY!

JOHNNY'S PLAN WORKS.....

QUIET EVERYBODY!
THIS IS A STICK UP!



NOBODY'S GETTING
HELD UP TONIGHT,
BUDDY!



THAT'S FOR
THE GREASE
SPOT!



DON'T MOVE...
ANY OF YOU
GUYS!

WE
SURRENDER!



AND THAT'S THAT..
THEY'LL PULL NO
MORE HOLDUPS FOR
A LONG TIME TO COME!

I'LL PHONE
IN THE
STORY!

JUST A
MOMENT,
YOUNG
LADY!..



THERE'S
SOMETHING
I WANT TO
PAY BACK!

MMMM...
NICE...
NICE...
NICE...



DANGEROUS DOUGH

RAIN rattled at the windshield and the wipers made a flashing arc before Casey's eyes, as he watched the narrow road unwinding before the nose of the car.

"Tough night," Casey muttered to the stranger beside him. "Can't imagine anyone having to go anywhere in weather like this. Take me for instance . . ."

"You can let me out at that little road," the stranger interrupted, his voice, like himself, small and pinched. "I can walk from there . . ."

"No trouble," Casey growled good naturedly. "I wouldn't expect anyone to walk any further than they had to in weather like this. If I can get into the road—you got a place back there, Mister?"

"Mister" didn't answer at once and Casey took a quick look out the corner of his eyes. The man was crouched against the door, wizened-up looking and scared. Something about his voice, his nervousness, caught Casey's attention.

"Yes," he whispered finally. "I—I've got a place in there. But that's why — you see, I didn't want anyone to know—that I'm going here. I—please let me out!"

Funny, Casey thought as he pulled the car to the side, watched thoughtfully as the little man opened the door and disappeared into the swirling rain.

CASEY drove on. For a few moments his thoughts were occupied with his odd passenger. He'd picked the guy up along the road leading out from the village. Casey knew just about everyone in town. This fellow was a stranger. The train from the city had gone through just a little while before. Casey had been there to meet it, expecting his partner back from a trip, but Casey remembered that no one had alighted. So it couldn't be he'd come with the train. . .

"Holy smoke," Casey gasped. His eyes had seen the package then, and automatically he stopped again. It was a neat package, done up in brown wrapping paper. It was small, tucked down at the back of the seat as if it had slipped from the stranger's pocket and lodged there.

Casey picked it up. His stubby strong fin-

gers worked it gently, found it pliant. Curiosity nudged him and he carefully tore one corner open. A moment later his breath came in a gasp of surprise.

The package contained currency, sheaves of green-backs. Depending upon their denomination, there could be a fortune here. At least there was a sizable hunk of dough no one would leave lying around just anywhere . .

Resolutely, Casey turned the car around, started back. A sense of uneasiness touched him as he peered out, looking for the road where he'd dropped his recent passenger. It wouldn't be easy to find—

"Uh," Casey grunted. "That's it."

The road was almost impassable. It wound and twisted in and out of the low hills, up and down through tangled low-lands where the car bogged down and once or twice almost stayed. Eventually, by expert use and judgment, Casey brought the machine up through the trees and saw the faint reflection of windows in a house before him. As he drew closer, he saw there was a light in one room on the first floor.

Still aware of his uneasiness, Casey stopped the car. He left the package shoved behind the seat, got out and climbed the stairs to the door. He knocked, the sound echoing dimly inside. Nothing happened and he knocked again. Still nothing happened.

A moment later Casey was inside, was in the doorway of the lighted room—

His eyes were fixed upon the still body, lying in the center of the floor. The body of the little stranger, the face and shoulders blood-stained, the eyes closed.

Casey advanced and knelt. His stubby fingers probed the wrist of the man. A moment later Casey stood up. The little guy was still alive. Casey drew a breath of relief—

"What's cooking?"

At the sound of the voice Casey's stocky body spun. He saw the two men facing him, both with revolvers in their hands. Narrow faced guys with intense dark eyes that seemed to reflect the light of the room greenly.

"What're you doing here?" one of them demanded, his lips writhing faintly over the words.

Casey hesitated, feeling the tension of his body increasing. "I—came for him." He indicated the man on the floor. "He told me to pick him up here again."

One of the men advanced, swiftly patted Casey up and down. His face wore a shade of uneasiness as he stepped back, eyes narrowing to slits. Over his shoulder he addressed his companion. "Jimmy, go out and look this guy's crate over. Maybe . . . it's in there!"

For a moment silence fell, broken now and then by the gusty wind. The uneasiness left Casey, prompted in part by the realization that he'd unwittingly gotten himself into this mess and must get out again. Aside from feeling sorry for the man on the floor, Casey knew his own position was dangerous.

"I suppose you know this guy's dead," Casey lied to the remaining man. "Or doesn't it matter?"

"Dead?" The gunman advanced slowly, frowning. For a moment his attention was divided as he leaned forward to peer closer at the crumpled figure—

Casey's foot went out, caught the gun hand of the man before him. The guy cried out sharply, stumbled back, his face twisted with surprise and anger—

Swiftly Casey followed his attack. His heavy fists, accustomed to twisting and wrestling with machinery, sent the man into a twisted unconscious heap.

Snatching up the fallen revolver, Casey whirled just as his former passenger struggled to a sitting position. He whispered, "Thank goodness you got *one*. They've been black-mailing me. The money—"

"In the car," Casey snapped. "The other one is out there now."

"Everything is ruined!" the little man moaned. "I'd have lost home, family, position, everything. I came to buy them off. When I didn't have the money—"

Casey turned swiftly toward a window. This was no time to hesitate. He snatched the sash open, slid out and dropped. His feet sank deep into the mud at the side of the house.

His car was down the narrow driveway. He darted toward it, gun ready, nerves tensed. The car was empty. Swiftly he probed behind the front seat.

The package was gone!

From behind the building came the sadder hum of a motor. Casey tensed. Evidently Jimmy had found the money, perhaps seen the new twist of affairs inside the house, and was going to make a get-away, leaving his partner . . .

Casey's hand fumbled for the spotlight switch. He snapped it on, flooding the driveway toward the rear of the building with intense white light. Rain drops fell like dots of ice. He whirled, plunged across the narrow space and pressed himself against the wall.

The drive was narrow. There was room only on this side for the car to pass. Jimmy would see the spotlight, and when he passed—

The sound of a motor roared into life. Headlights blasted a white tunnel down the drive. The machine whirled down into the narrow alley between Casey's car and the porch. It slowed suddenly. Shots spattered out. Casey knew, with a twinge of regret, that Jimmy had opened fire upon Casey's car, figuring he was in it—

The sedan lurched into the narrow space, bounced as the brakes were applied. It was almost up against Casey. Swiftly he grabbed at the door, ripped it open and vaulted in.

Jimmy, gun in hand, was staring out at Casey's car. He jerked around, his face a snarl of surprise and fear—

Casey's big fist rocketed out and Jimmy's head crashed back against the door with crushing force. His gun hand wilted. His body slumped down behind the wheel.

Drawing a deep breath, Casey pulled up the emergency brake. Thoughtfully he dug out the packet of money from Jimmy's inside pocket. Fingering it, Casey relaxed. He was glad it was safe. The little guy inside would no doubt have some explaining to do to the cops in order to get the whole affair straightened out. But with the criminals behind bars and his money safe, the rest should be easy.

And Casey was glad the money belonged to the little fellow. It had become too dangerous for Casey to want for his own.

—By Justin D. Triem

JUSTICE ON THE HORSE

STEADY, WHOA BOYS, STEADY!

BEFORE THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER CAME INTO THE OPEN SPACES OF THE OLD WEST, MANY A HARDY PIONEER HAD TO BE JUDGE HIMSELF AND SOMETIMES THE PUNISHMENT THEY HANDED OUT WAS POETICALLY FITTED TO THE CRIME....

IS HE DEAD?

DON'T THINK SO... JUST CREASED!

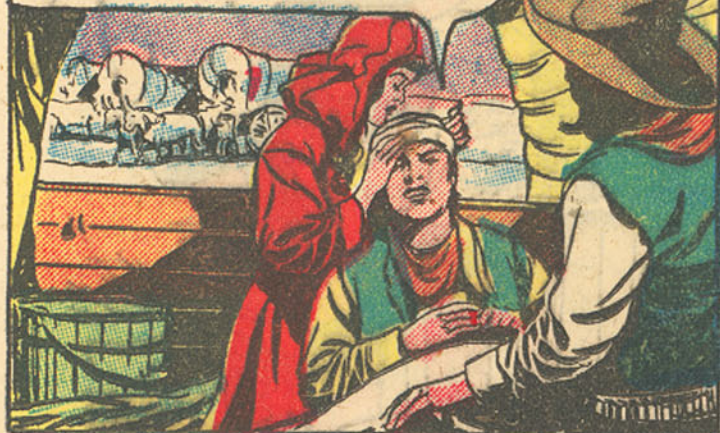
LAND'S FREE... GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE AS YOU, CLEM BARROW....

HE'S DELIRIOUS! GET HIM OUTTA THE SUN!

**AN HOUR
LATER....**

YOU SAY YER PLACE
IS IN BROAD VALLEY,
EH? THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE HEADIN'!

BETTER WATCH OUT
FER CLEM BARROW. HE
WANTS THE WHOLE VALLEY
FER HIMSELF. AN' THERE
AIN'T NO LAW TO STOP HIM!



HE SHOT YA WHEN
YA WOULDN'T SCARE
OFF THE RANGE, EH?

YEP... LEFT ME
FER DEAD!
BUT-I DIDN'T
DIE... AN' I'M
GOIN' BACK!



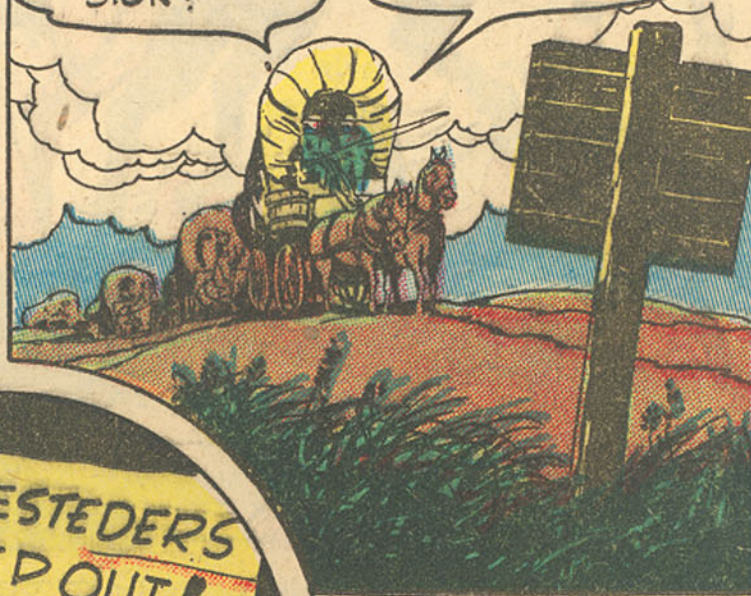
THAT'S THE STUFF
SON! COME ALONG
WITH US!

GLAD TO, MISTER,
MEBBY BETWEEN
US WE CAN LICK
CLEM BARROW!



WELL, HERE'S THE
VALLEY! SAAAY...
WHAT'S THAT
SIGN?

WMMM... IT WASN'T
THERE THIS
MORNIN'!



PULL IN, FOLKS!
HAUL THEM
WAGONS IN!

**HOMESTEDERS
KEEP OUT!
THIS IS OUR ONE
AND ONLY
WARNING.
CLEM BARROW.**

WE'RE CAMPIN' HERE
TONIGHT, AN' SIGN OR
NO SIGN--WE'RE
STAYIN'!

**RIGHT!
WE'RE
WITH YA!**



THAT NIGHT...

SURE THERE IS... BUT HE DOESN'T THINK SO! GUESS HE'S TAKEN THE FEW HEAD I HAD BY NOW.

THIS IS A PRETTY VALLEY. AN' I THINK THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM HERE FOR OUR HOMES AND BARROW'S CATTLE TOO!

HORSES COMIN' THIS A WAY FAST!

THAT'LL BE BARROW AN' HIS MEN!



SO YA DONT BELIEVE IN SIGNS, HUH! R/IDE 'EM DOWN, BOYS!

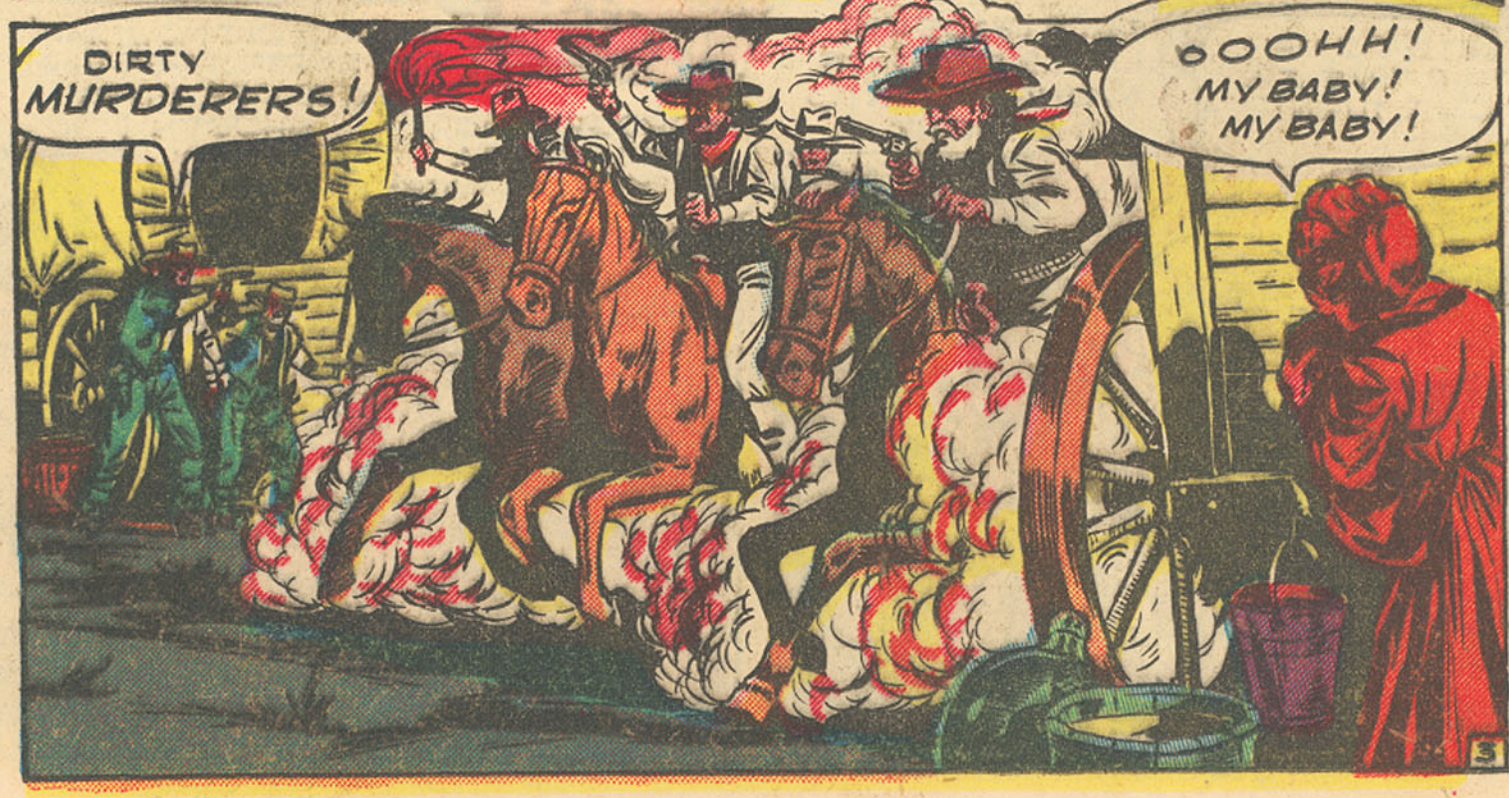
THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO DRIVE US OFF!

FIRE THE WAGONS! SCATTER THE HORSES!



DIRTY MURDERERS!

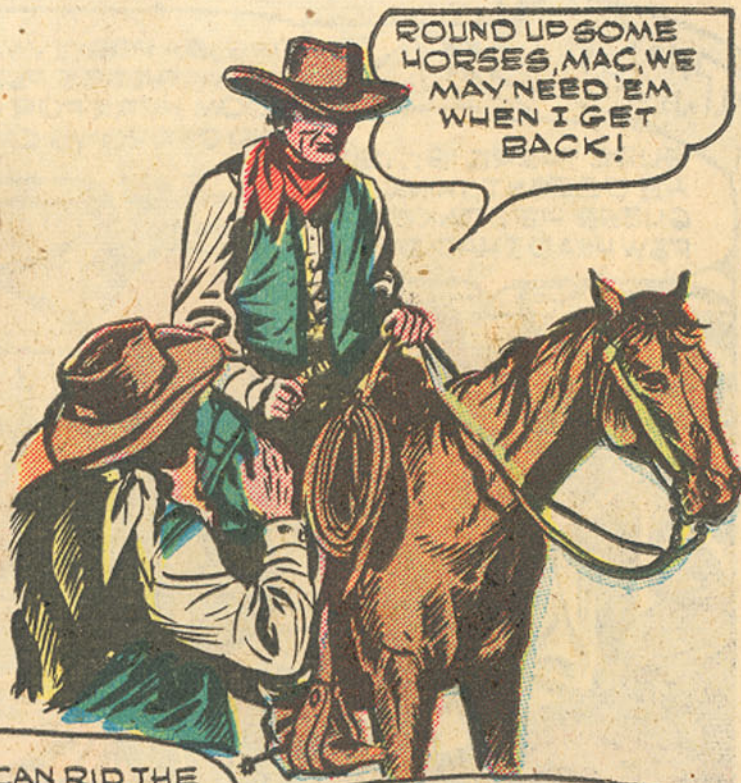
OOHHH! MY BABY! MY BABY!





BABIES AND WOMEN,
MURDERED!

THEY'RE TOO
STRONG FOR
US, MAC... BUT
I'M GONNA FOL-
LOW 'EM!



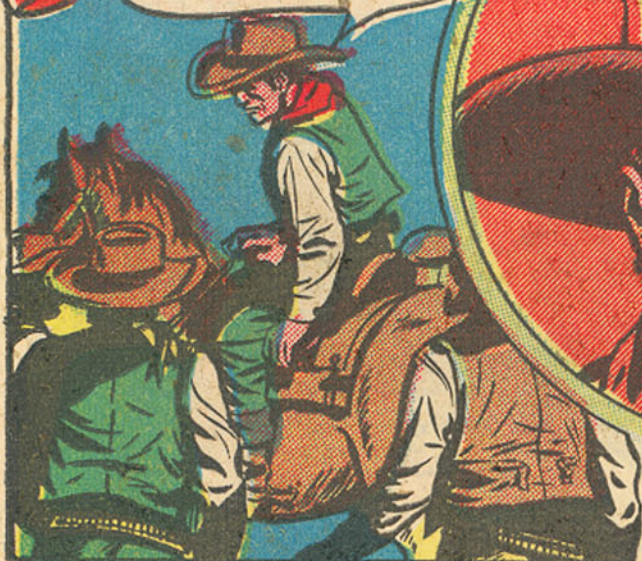
ROUND UP SOME
HORSES, MAC, WE
MAY NEED 'EM
WHEN I GET
BACK!

AN HOUR LATER
RACE
RETURNS

MAC,
GET THE MEN
TOGETHER!

MEN... WE CAN RID THE
RANGE OF BARROW AN'
HIS KILLERS IF YOU'RE
WILLIN' TO SPILL A LITTLE
BLOOD!

HERE'S THE CURVE OF
THE RIVER... HERE'S THE
KILLERS CAMP... AN' HERE'S
A BIG HERD OF CATTLE.
NOW HERE'S THE PLAN!



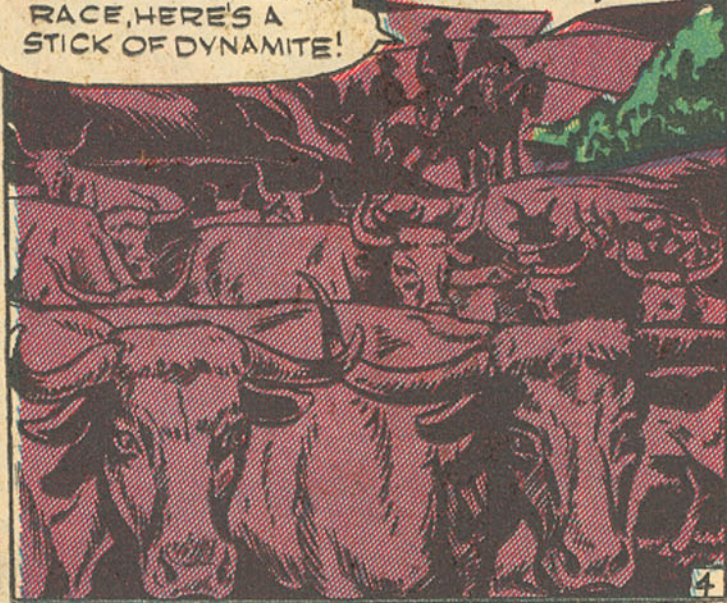
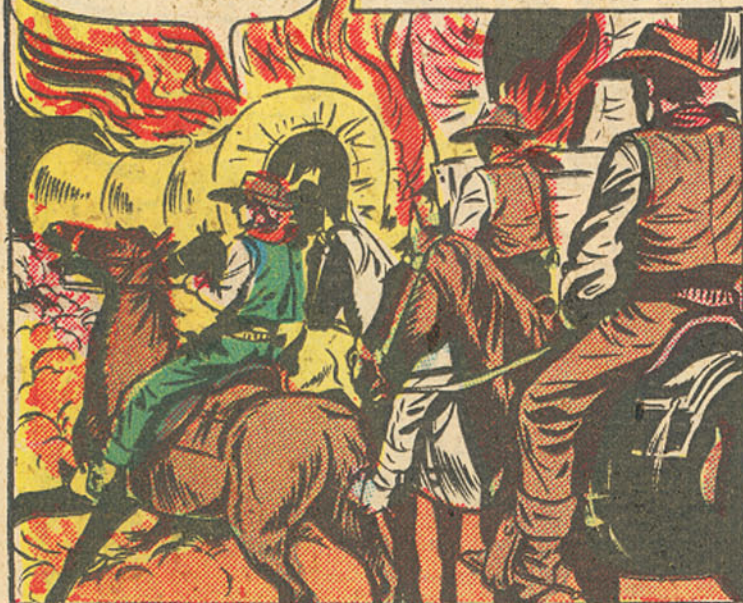
MINUTES
LATER...

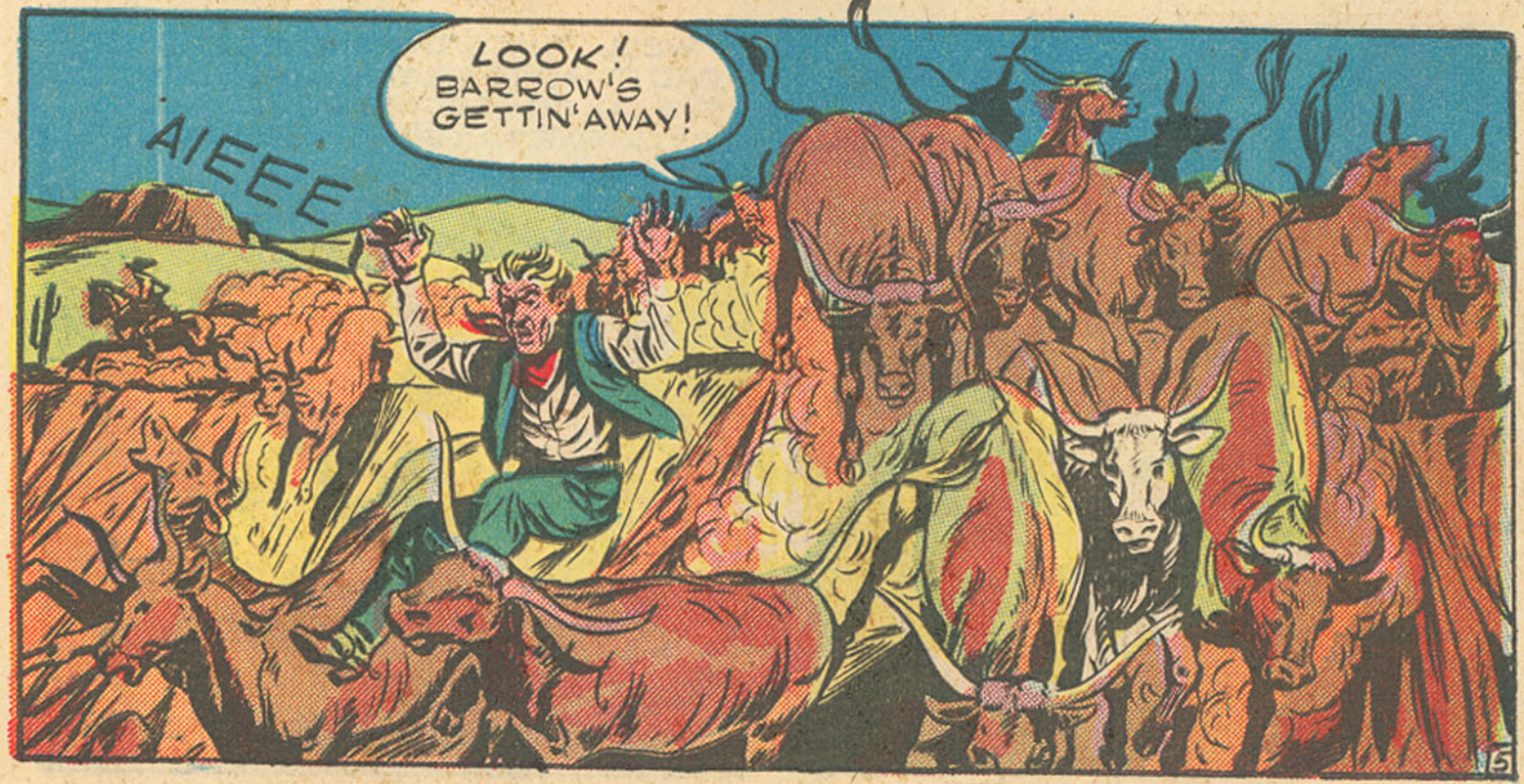
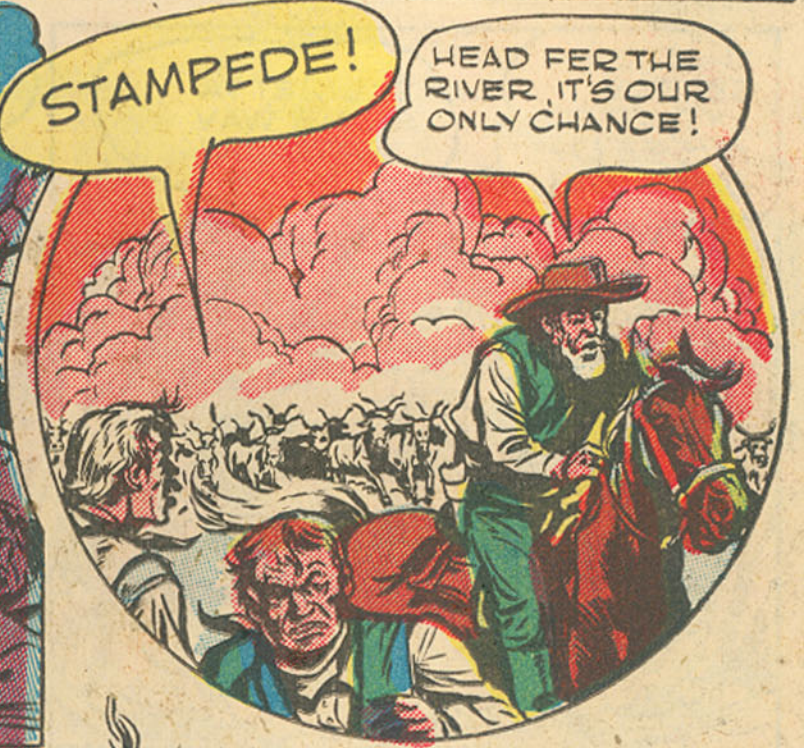
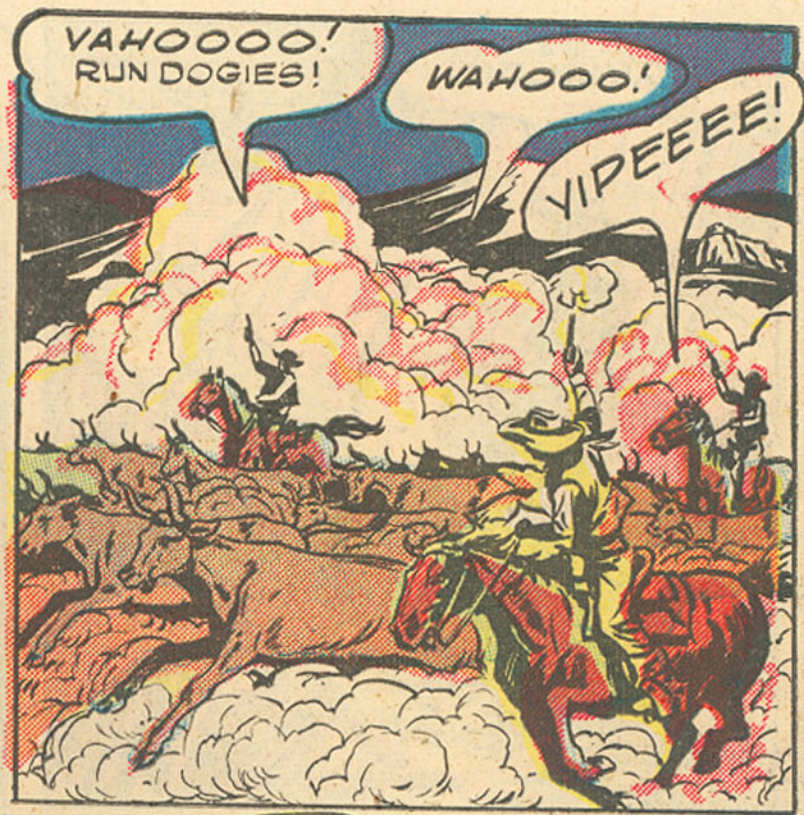
LET'S GO, MEN.
THIS TIME IT'S
OUR TURN!

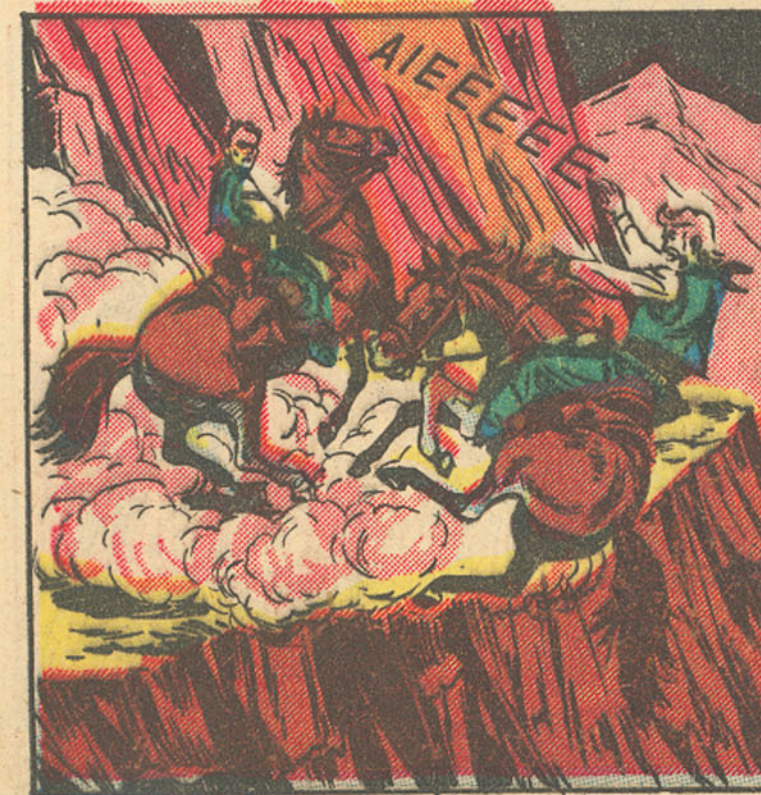
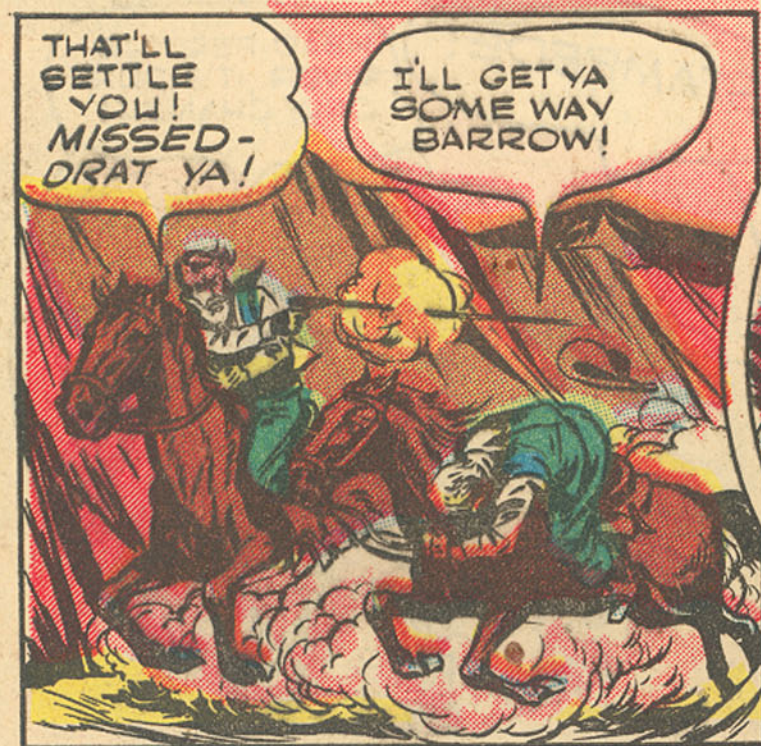
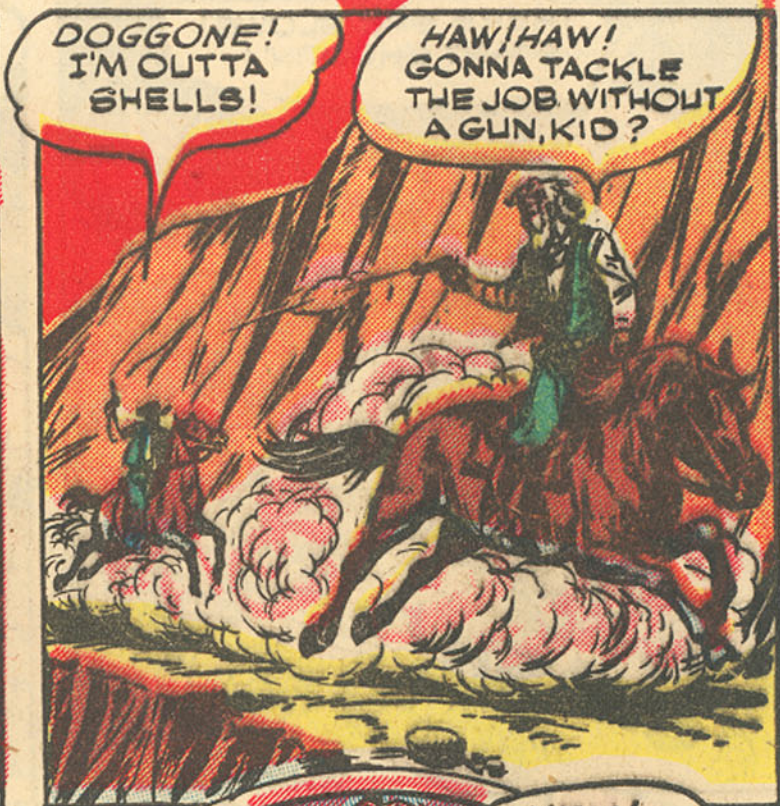
RACE LEADS HIS
LITTLE BAND OF
AVENGERS INTO
THE NIGHT...

SPREAD OUT NOW... AN'
REMEMBER, WHEN THIS
GOES OFF, START
SHOOTIN'!

NOBODY IN SIGHT.
RACE, HERE'S A
STICK OF DYNAMITE!







DEATH

TAKES THE

WHEEL

ANY WRECKS TODAY?
ANY SMASHED CARS? ANY
DEAD MEN? AN AUTOMOBILE
RACING SPEEDWAY MIGHT
BE THE PLACE YOU'D
EXPECT TO FIND PLENTY
OF SMASH-UPS, AND
THERE ARE ENOUGH,
ESPECIALLY WHEN
"DEATH TAKES THE
WHEEL."



IN THE GREASE PIT AT A GREAT AUTO SPEEDWAY THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE--

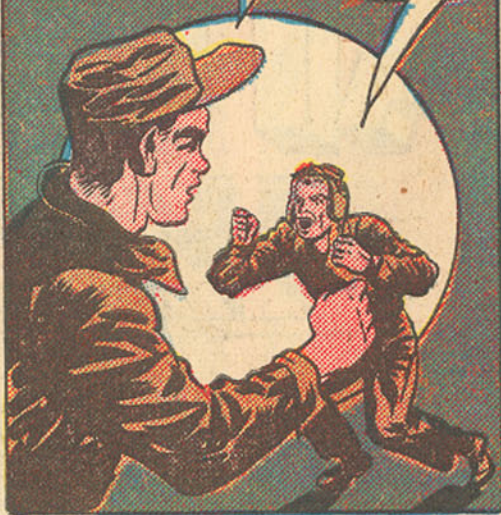
RYDER, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

TALK-- IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!



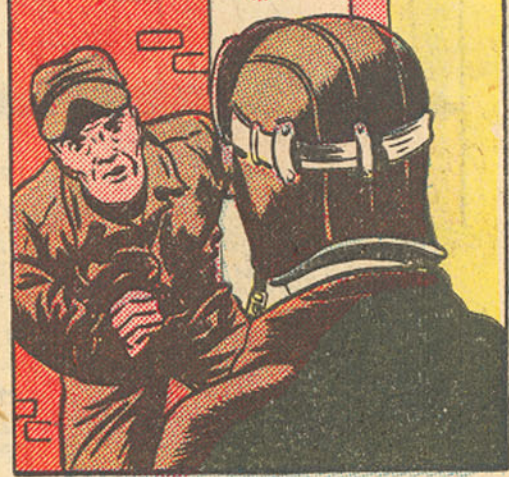
RYDER--I WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM EDITH. SHE'S MY GIRL! KEEP AWAY--OR--

OR WHAT? LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!



I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY!



HEY YOU TWO! CUT THAT OUT!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? MY TWO BEST MEN-- AT EACH OTHER'S THROAT!

HMM--WITH ALL THIS ROUGH TALK GOING AROUND-- NEVER CAN TELL WHEN SOMEBODY MIGHT GET HURT, PERMANENTLY!



I'M SORRY, PAUL--BUT THIS GUY HAS SHOT HIS MOUTH OFF ONCE TOO OFTEN!

CUT IT OUT, JIM-- WE HAVE A RACE TO WIN TOMORROW! THERE'S A LOT OF DOUGH AT STAKE---



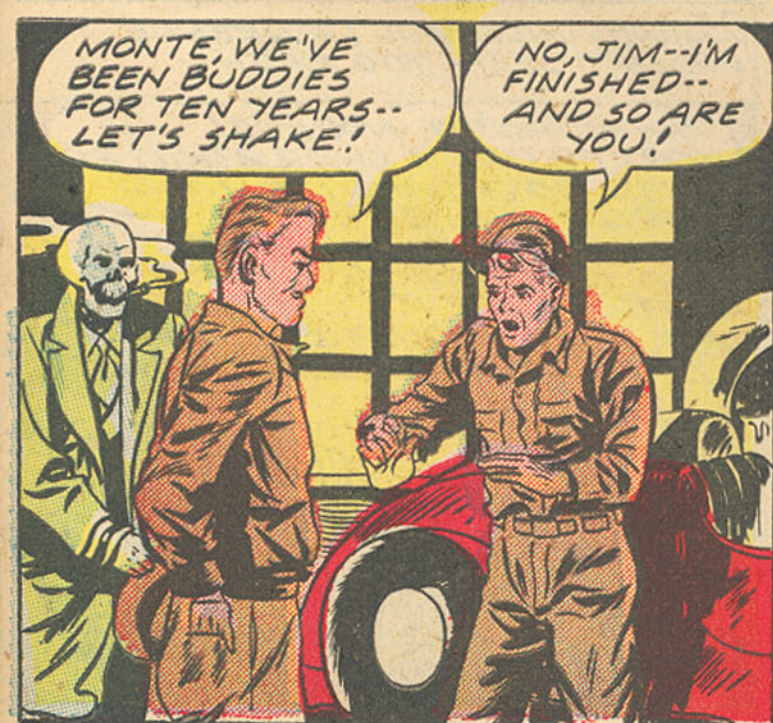
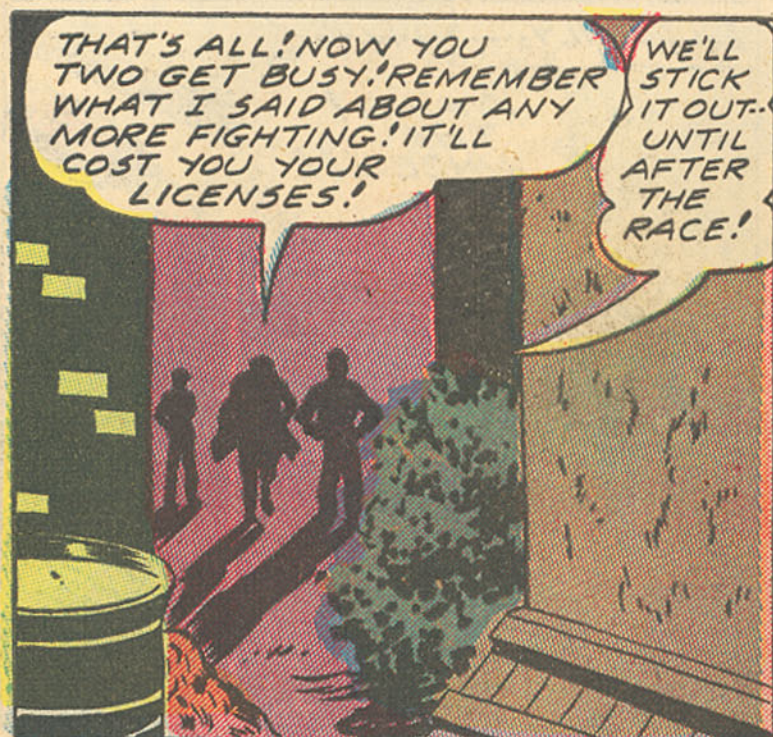
EDITH'S MY GIRL! TELL HIM TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER--OR HE'LL REGRET IT!



SHUT UP, MONTE---THAT'S ENOUGH! FORGET ABOUT EDITH--YOUR JOB IS TO GET OUR ENTRY INTO WINNING SHAPE--THAT'S ALL I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU--OR SO HELP ME, I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH BANNED FROM EVERY TRACK IN THE COUNTRY!

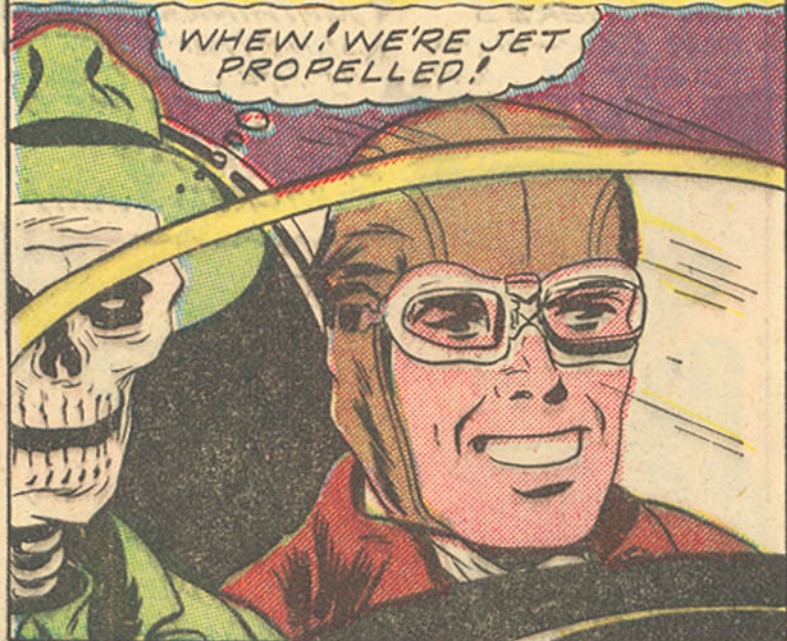
I LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK! IT'S RUGGED! YESSIR, IT'S RUGGED!





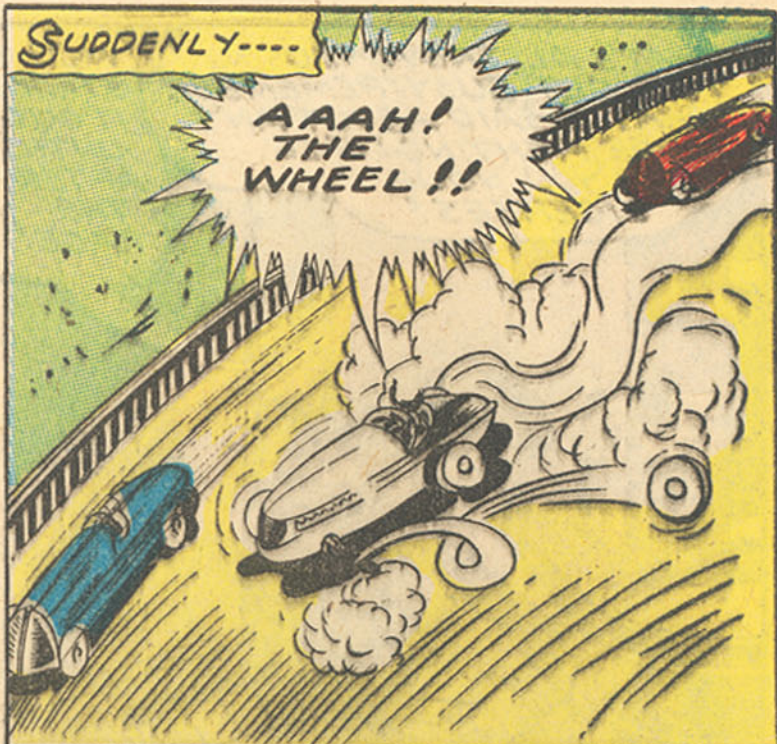
THE RACE STARTS--AND SOON JIM IS DRIVING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED----

WHEW! WE'RE JET PROPELLED!



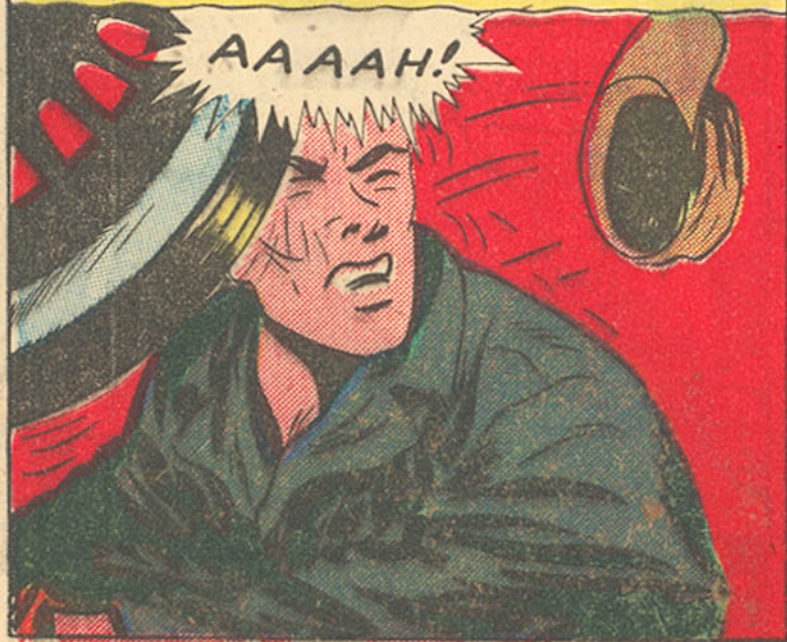
SUDDENLY----

AAAH!
THE
WHEEL!!



AND AS IF FATE DECREED IT, THE FLYING WHEEL HITS MONTE!

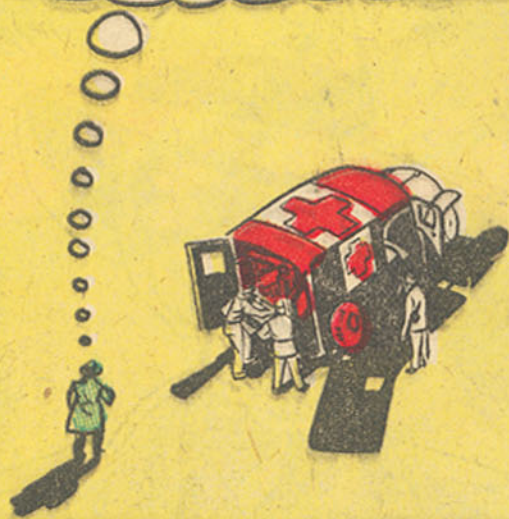
AAAAH!



WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW?
I HAVE TWO CLIENTS INSTEAD
OF ONE! FUNNY THE WAY
THINGS WORK OUT!



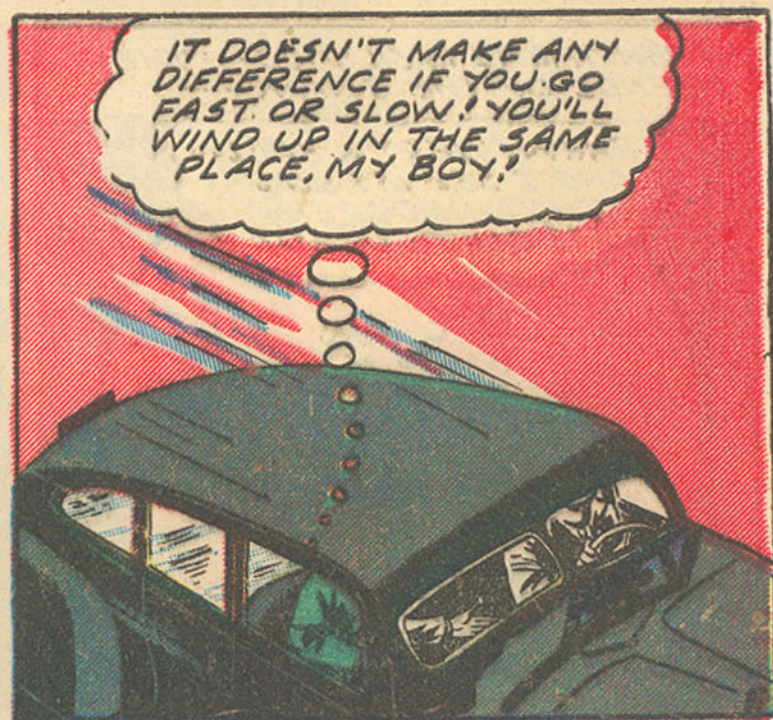
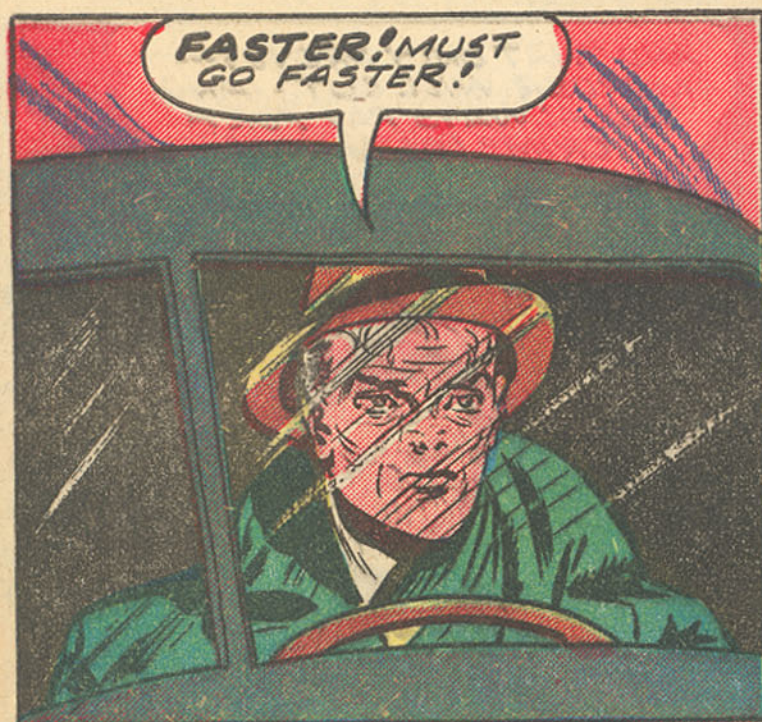
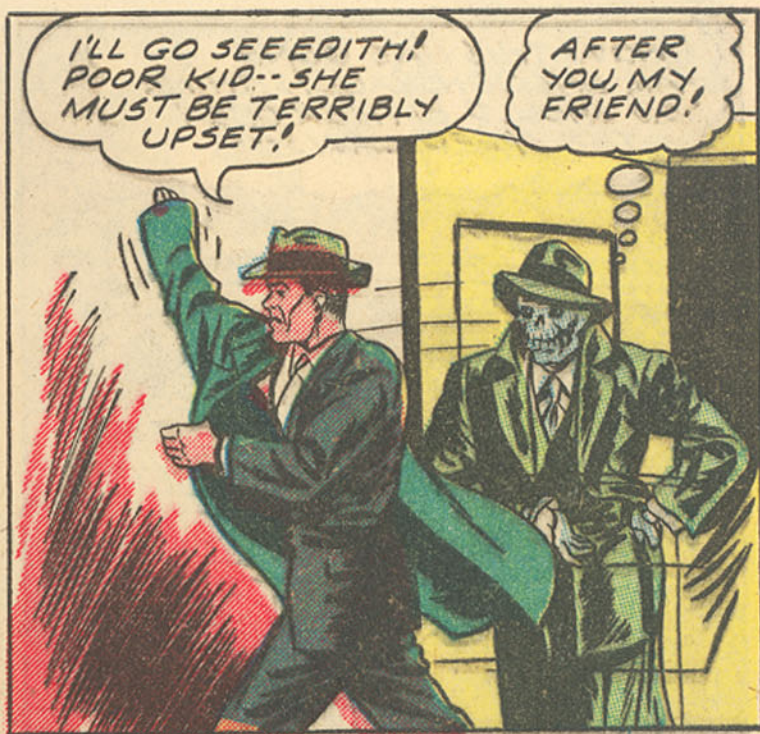
THERE THEY GO--OFF INTO
THE WILD BLUE YONDER! I DON'T
THINK MY WORK AROUND HERE
IS DONE--I DON'T THINK
SO AT ALL!



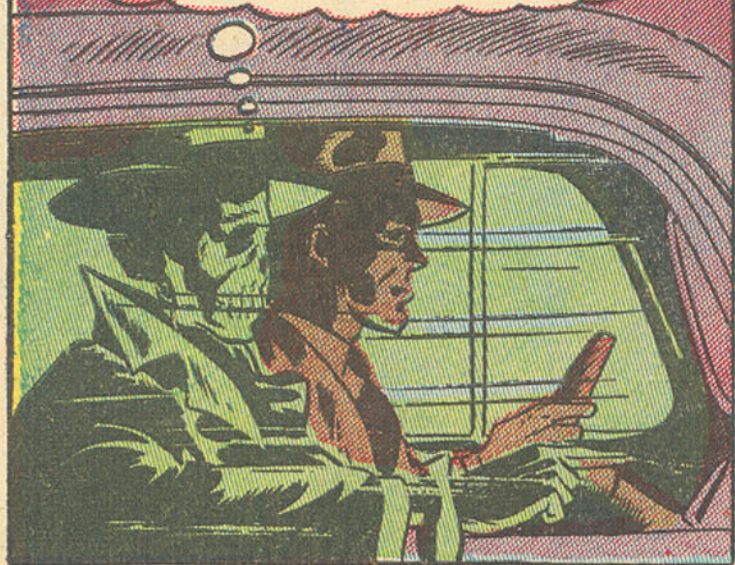
MEANWHILE, PAUL LAWRENCE
DOESN'T SEEM TOO SAD----

OH HO! HO! IT WORKED!
WORKED LIKE A CHARM! KILLED
THEM BOTH! AND NOW
EDITH WILL BE MINE!



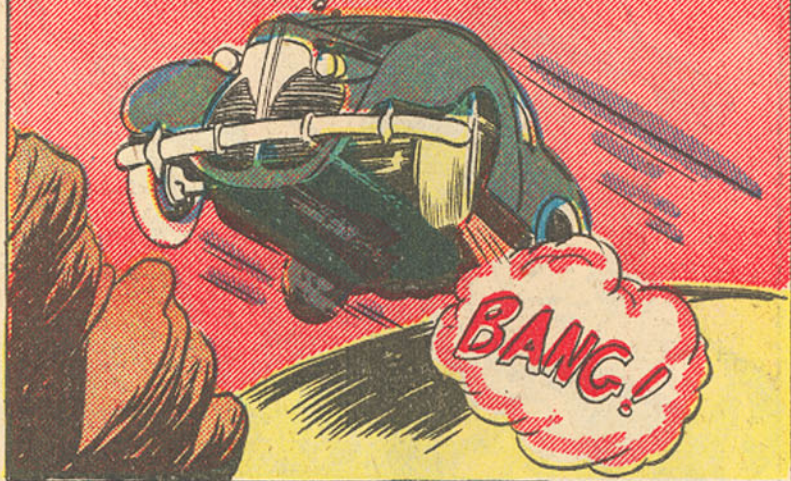


NOW THIS HAS GONE
FAR ENOUGH, PAUL! I THINK
YOU SHOULD EITHER OBEY
THE SPEED LAWS---



OUT OF CONTROL THE CAR CRASHES
INTO A BOULDER!

OR
DIE!



WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE SPEEDING VEHICLE CAROMS WILDLY----

HELP!
HELP!
YIIIIII!
CRASH!



WHEN THERE IS SILENCE--- THE
SILENCE OF THE GRAVE---

PHEW! WHAT A SPILL--
AND I SEE MY BOY,
THE MURDERER,
IS QUITE DEAD!



AND THAT ONLY PROVES---
"MURDER WILL OUT"--AND
YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR A
CRIME! ALWAYS!



CLEVER CLUES

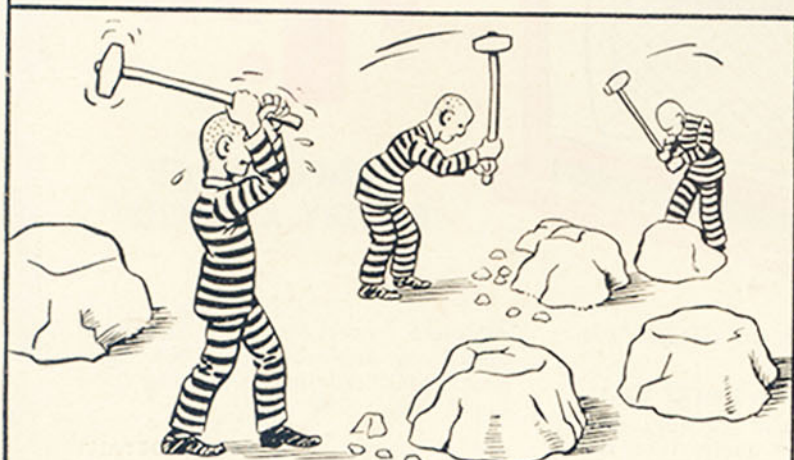
SHIER

CASHIER



THE CASHIER IN A BANK NOTICED A STRANGE MAN WATCHING MR. DUPINGAL WRITE OUT A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY MR. DUPINGAL'S SIGNATURE WAS FORGED. THE CASHIER TOLD THE DETECTIVES ABOUT THE STRANGE MAN. HE CONFESSED HE DID IT. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF DE PIN-GAL'S SIGNATURE?

SOLUTION - THE SUSPECT ADMITTED THAT HE HAD PICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY DUPINGAL AND WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR COPIED THE "SIG";



STATISTICS SHOW THAT THE AVERAGE MURDERER IN THE UNITED STATES SERVES ONLY 90 MONTHS IN PRISON — LESS THAN 8 YEARS.

ANSWER - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE HAD LOCKED THE CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WAS STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE TO THE POLICE.

MRS. FANDERMELT CAME INTO THE POLICE STATION. SHE SAID SHE HAD DRIVEN INTO TOWN, AND AFTER SHE HAD PARKED AND LOCKED HER CAR SHE STARTED TO WALK TOWARDS THE BANK WHERE SHE WAS GOING TO DEPOSIT \$20,000 WORTH OF JEWELRY SHE HAD IN HER HAND BAG WHEN A STRANGE MAN GRABBED HER HAND BAG AND RAN AWAY. SHE IMMEDIATELY GOT IN HER CAR

AND DROVE TO THE POLICE STATION. WHEN THE OFFICER ASKED WHAT ELSE WAS IN HER BAG, SHE ANSWERED - ONE HANDKERCHIEF, A COSMETIC CASE, TEN ONE-DOLLAR BILLS AND THE KEYS TO HER CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER SHE HAD FAKED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME?



BY KEN BRICKLEY

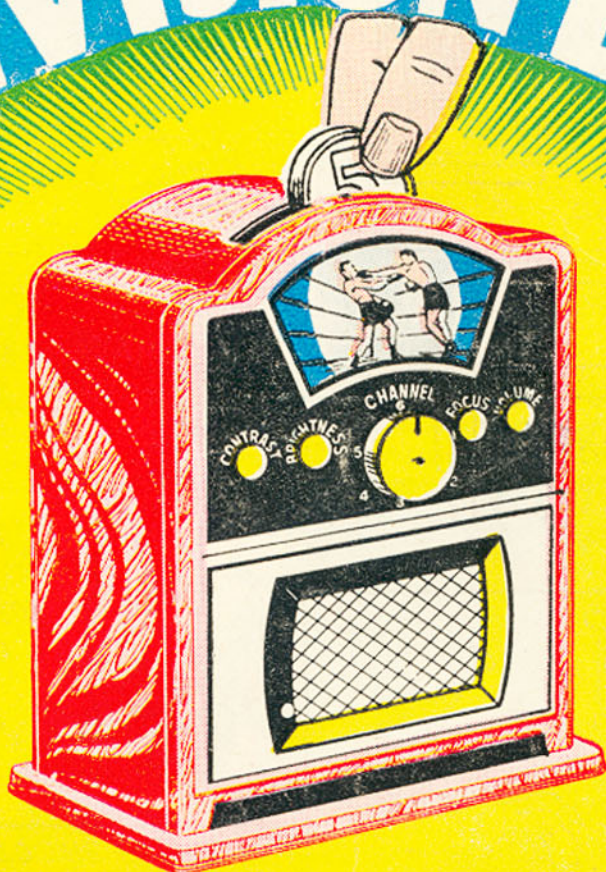
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!

You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 38 BB New York 2, N. Y.

SEAGEE CO. Dept. 38 BB
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.